

REV. M. B. KOESTER, C.P.P.S.

*To Whom
The Staff
Affectionately Dedicates
This Issue of The Cheer*



"Christa Regi!"
("For Christ the King")

You want to know the secret?
Why we so loudly sing;
Why we our school days ne'er regret;
Why our songs with triumph ring?—
"Christa Regi!" "For Christ the King!"

You ask us why we toil so,
These stubborn tests to pass;
Why we work long with moistened brow
Our knowledge to amass?—
"Christa Regi!" replies the class.

Could such a motto, such a class
Aught but fortune bring?
May the class of '27
Ever their motto sing—
"Christa Regi!" "For Christ the King!"

Edward M. Durus, '27.

The Cheer

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June 4, 1927

No. 12

O'Neill Wins Conroy Oratory Medal

Bernard O'Neill, whose oration, "Philippine Independence," is to be found in this issue of the Cheer, captured first prize in the Conroy Oratory Contest held on the evening of Ascension Thursday. To say that this year's contest was excellent, would be a rank injustice; to say that it was one of the best held at St. Joe for quite a few years, approaches the truth a bit nearer; while to say that this year's contest was one of the best ever held at St. Joe, would be to express the conservative opinion of those who are in a position to judge the quality of the program. On this account all the more honor is due to the winners, no less than to all of the contestants. Rev. Fr. Monahan, of Lafayette, Indiana, enhanced the general attractiveness of the entertainment by his interesting introductions to the various orations and musical numbers. The Reverend Fathers Hordeman, McCarthy, Frieburger, who acted as judges, decided the contest in favor of Bernard O'Neill, William Neidert, and Joseph Scharrer. O'Neill will receive a gold medal as first prize, while Neidert and Scharrer will each receive a five dollar gold piece.

Norma—Overture—Bellini..... Band
The Almighty Dollar.....Julius Fecher
Teamwork—.....—Clarence Issenmann
The Power of Purpose.....

.....William Neidert
Piano Solo—"Rustle of Spring"—
Sinding.....Played by Wilfred Druffel
Violin Solo—"Souvenir de Laubeck"—
Riecken.....Played by Hugo Uhrich
Piano Solo—"Polish Dance"—Schar-
wenka.....Played by Albert Gordon
Philippine Independence.....

.....Bernard O'Neill
Courage.....Joseph Scharrer
Wells—the Histerian

.....Fred Westendorf
Piano Solo—"Invitation to the Dance"
Weber.....Played by Thomas Durkin
Violin Solo—"Bollerio"—Bohm.....

.....Played by Kenneth Moore
Piano Solo—"Butterfly"—Crieg.....

.....Played by Paul Knapke

Msgr. Nau to Deliver the Baccalaureate Address

Bishop Noll to Award Medals and Diplomas.

Now that the last few days of school are here, most likely many are wondering what will happen on the two days of Commencement and just when it will happen. The order of the days is practically the same as it has been in the past, with the usual exception that the class of Grads will be a new one.

About the middle of the afternoon of June 8, the Seniors will don their caps and gowns; will assume added dignity and will show their precious selves to the world. It is to be feared, however, that much of the dignity of the Seniors will be lost on those of us who have had the opportunity of seeing them sleeping in the study-hall and classrooms; smirking at their respective speeds and trying to appear indifferent when told to write seven or eight chapters of the New Testament. But to those who may never have seen these interesting sidelights in the lives of the Seniors the sight of them in their caps and gowns will be wonderful to behold. About the time that the Seniors appear with their new-found dignity, the band will be inspired to render its thoughts in music.

Wednesday evening at eight o'clock the Salutatory Address will be given. This will be followed by the play, "Pals First," presented by the Columbian Literary Society. The cast of this play is composed entirely of Sixth Year men and will give the world a chance to view the histrionic abilities of the class of '27.

Lastly, comes the final step in the process of graduation—the baccalaureate address and the awarding of the diplomas. Rt. Rev. Msgr. Louis I. Nau, S. T. D., Rector of St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, will deliver the baccalaureate address at about eight o'clock on Thursday morning. The medals and diplomas will then be given out by the Rt. Rev. John F. Noll, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne. Following this, the

Alumni Day Play Thrilling Success

In the presentation of the play "In the Next Room," the C. L. S. of '26-'27 added another gem to its already enviable crown of laurels. As a dramatic endeavor in the field of mystery this production was an exceptional success. Not only did the drama grip the audience, but it held them throughout the performance. One surprise, one unexpected turn after another, baffled all mental speculation and carried the audience along in an intense state of excitement and nervousness. The sudden death of Philip Vantine, as well as the furtive entry and the capture of Crochard, were little short of terrifying and nerve wracking. After the final curtain, this mystery drama released its grip on the audience only to let them ponder over the thoughts and emotions produced by the sketch of life depicted on the stage before them.

Bernard O'Neill, in a dual characterization, proved himself the stellar performer of the evening. With the apparent ease and facility of a master, O'Neill acted to a high degree of perfection, first the courteous Frenchman and then the renowned Colonel Piggott. To the great surprise of the audience, however, the development of the plot disclosed O'Neill as the daring criminal, Crochard. Edward Charek, as Lorna Webster, performed admirably well. With each appearance Charek is showing himself more and more capable of portraying the fairer sex. Joseph Scharrer, playing the rather heavy role of Godfrey, merited the praise and appreciation of the audience.

Valedictory will be delivered. After this final step there will be much hustle and bustle, probably a few tears will be shed, and the Grads of '27 will leave St. Joe's never more to return as students.

Grads Bid Farewell With Musical Banquet

"It" had come. It was the evening of May 29 when the curtain arose upon the realization of the fondest hopes of the Seniors—a Senior program. Having been kept a profound secret (in as far as this was possible) this performance was a surprise to all who had the fortune to attend. The most spectacular part of this program was the fact that permission had been granted by the C. L. S. Studio of Collegeville for the Seniors to broadcast their entire program through station S. J. C. Doubtless many who heard the program via the radio were astonished at the novelty and originality of this program. The ingenuity of the radio announcer, Cletus Foltz, added to the success of the evening.

The entire program was an undoubted success; it would, however, be too tedious to enumerate all the points and all the numbers. Bernard O'Neill and Thomas Coleman deserve mention upon their success in the scene which they portrayed. The class wishes to tender its thanks to the committee, consisting of Fred Westendorf, Bill Neidert, Bernard O'Neill, Bill Friemoth, Syl Moebs and Ed Burns through whose efforts this program was made a success.

PROGRAM

Reading of Prophecies and Wills.
Individual numbers:—Edward Henrich, Burns and Alig, Westendorf and Sabo, O'Neill and Coleman, Gerlach and Uecker—Dog Scene, Selection by Eugene Wuest.
Imperial Quartet.
Playlet—"Fifty NO's"—by Bernard O'Neill.

CAST:

Jack Krawford.....Joseph Scharrer
Jenkins.....Joseph Green
Dick Krawford.....Bernard O'Neill
Mary Steadman.....Eugene Wuest
Dan Fischer.....Norbert Gerlach
Quartet Song—Farewell.

The program ended with several lusty cheers for the class of '27 and for its Alma Mater.

"THE LOST WORLD"

Interestingly novel and remarkably spectacular was "The Lost World," which was screened in the local auditorium on the evening of May 9. Notwithstanding the fact that this picture was first released several years ago, it did not fail to hold the interest of the spectators, and to move them to an occasional outburst

"Pals First"— Commencement Play

The drama of C. L. S. activities will find a happy conclusion on the occasion of Commencement with the presentation of "Pals First." "Pals First" is a comedy consisting of a prologue and three acts based upon the novel of Francis Perry Elliott. As a play of marked interest and enjoyment, this comedy ranks among the very best. Its first appearance at Fulton Theatre, New York, evoked sentiments of hearty approval, and the C. L. S. feels confident that a similar welcome awaits this play on the part of the audience in the local auditorium on Commencement Day. The interest of the play centers to a great extent in an exchange of character, cleverly executed and maintained. Throughout the play an atmosphere of the quaint South carries the spectator to the cotton lands, so far away and holds his interest in thrall.

Death's Call Answered by Bro. Anthony.

On May 11, death once more visited St. Joe; this time to call Bro. Anthony Lupper, C. PP. S. to his eternal reward. Bro. Anthony was born at Pessenburgheim, Bavaria, June 13, 1856. He entered the community in 1886 and on May 17, 1888, he made his perpetual profession.

During the years he has spent at St. Joe he has been working in various capacities, and lately had taken charge of the gardens. Whenever he came in contact with the students his good-nature and courtesy were always evident. All who have ever had occasion to know Bro. Anthony will certainly keenly feel his loss.

Bro. Anthony was solemnly laid to rest at St. Charles Seminary, Carthage, Ohio, on May 14, 1927.

Requiescat in Pace.

of laughter. Words fail to relate satisfactorily the unusual amount of wonder and amazement produced by this highly fantastic movie. Suffice it to say that nothing quite so imaginative as "The Lost World" was screened at St. Joe for a long time, and no other movie presented this year abounded in such humorous and enticing episodes as served to render "The Lost World" one of the most enjoyed movies of the past season.

Essay Contest Won by Carl Longanbach

Keener competition than was in evidence at any Essay Contest for many years, characterized this year's Alumni Essay Contest. The essay, "Dickens—The Novelist," which appears elsewhere in this issue of the Cheer, won first prize, a gold medal, for its author, Carl Longanbach. Second prize positions were won by three contestants, each of whom were but two points behind the winner of the first honor. It has been decided to award the customary second prize, consisting of a gold medal, to each of the three writers who are tie for second honors. There was also a deadlock as to who should win third prize which consists of an honorary mention in connection with the Commencement Exercises. Here, likewise, the honor is to be shared by the two contestants who came out tie for third place. The ranking given by each of the three judges to the winning essays, together with their respective authors, follows: "Dickens—The Novelist;" 3, 6, 9,—Carl Longanbach; "The Negro Laureate;" 4, 10, 6,—Thomas Corcoran; "George Bernard Shaw;" 7, 11, 2,—Herbert Kramer; "Dante—The Man and the Poet;" 11, 8, 1,—Carl Gates; "Truth—The Foundation of Washington's Greatness;" 9, 9, 3,—Joseph Scharrer; "How and What Not to Write for the Essay Contest;" 15, 2, 4.—William Friemoth.

Only when a larger number of students realize and make use of the advantage to be gained from the annual Alumni Essay Contest, will this contest succeed in accomplishing its purpose to the fullest extent. This year eighteen students wrote for this contest, and, although this number is larger than was the number of last year's contestants, it is not as large as it should be. Not all can win the coveted medals and mention, but the wholesome advice contained in one of the essays in this year's contest bears printing. One contestant parodied Tennyson in the following manner:

"I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have tried and lost
Than never to have tried at all."

He—"When should I come to see you."

She—"Could you come after dinner?"

He—"Yes, that's what I intended to come after."

Many Old Grads Enjoy Homecoming

After days of planning and anxious waiting Homecoming Day arrived with a bang. The influx of Alumni began in earnest shortly after dinner on Tuesday. Many happy and heartfelt greetings took place, as old friends met each other again on the ground where they were once so intimately associated. Many episodes and experiences of former days were lived through anew at this reunion of the "old boys." A spirit of joy and happiness, such as only the meeting of true friends can produce, seemed to accompany the Alumni wherever they appeared. Group upon group, in lively mood, collected here and there about the premises and engaged in friendly banter.

At four o'clock the band appeared for the concert. After some neat, as well as novel and interesting, formation marching on the campus, the band arrived at the stand. The concert, which lasted about an hour, was very entertaining from the first note to the last. Appreciation of the efforts of the band manifested itself in hearty applause and occasional encores.

The C. L. S. at eight o'clock in the evening put forth its best efforts for the entertainment of the Alumni in the presentation of "In the Next Room." The drama together with orchestra numbers afforded a good two hours of pleasant entertainment for the audience. The production proved that the C. L. S. as the Alumni once knew it, has not in any way lowered its standard.

A Solemn High Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning for the deceased members of the Alumni Association. The very Reverend Father O. Knapke, as celebrant, was assisted by Fathers Reed and Keller, with Father Hildebrand as master of ceremonies.

After Mass the baseball diamond became the center of attraction. The old baseball stars, nearly every one a hero in his day, donned the togs in which they had made a name for themselves, and appeared on the field to demonstrate that at least not all of their former skill had become a thing of the past. A coin was tossed, and St. Joe's well organized team found itself at bat. With a spirited group of Alumni behind one side and an anxious and perhaps excited student body supporting the other team, the game promised to be exceedingly interest-

Preps' Last Will and Testament

We, the high school grads, knowing our end to be near and being of as sound a mind as possible, do hereby declare this to be our last Will and Testament.

Article I. To the freshman class, under the guidance of Kolman Reppa as president-elect, we bequeath our successful organization and our iron-clad constitution.

Article II. To the sophomore class we will our passion for feeds and our ability to keep and safeguard all the rules of the institution. We also will to the Seconds, who are to move to the upper study hall, all our pencil stubs, erasers, pens, and other miscellaneous articles that we may accidentally or purposely leave behind.

Article III. To the Third class we will our general progressiveness, our originality, our good standing with all the Prefects, especially with the Prefect of Discipline. We also leave to them our vigorous class spirit and sincerely hope that they will stick together as a class should.

Article IV. In the following articles we have bequeathed the surplus qualities of our classmates to those whom we think will make the best use of them:

Item: Henry Alig gives his false teeth to Red Dreiling; his next year's pie to Fat Gibson; and his ability as a baseball player to Robert Sorg.

Item: Edward Burns' manly chest is willed to Tom Corcoran; his love for Camels to Hank Beer-man; his fondness for limburger cheese to Tom Kelly.

Item: Edward Henrich's abilities

ing. Every spectator seemed to be enthusiastic and to crave excitement. After a few innings of what should fall under the heading of baseball, the game ended abruptly and a crowd of students and Alumni rushed together upon the field for an argument. For a few minutes the traffic was rather congested in some spots. All that happened would require too much space to print. May it suffice to say that after a short time the baseball teams were enjoying the refreshing showers that came in so handy, and the crowd gradually dispersed.

The annual banquet of the Alumni

and possessions are distributed as follows: His ability to play feminine roles to Martin Draths; his ear drums to the College Band; his beard to Paul Farley.

Item: Lament Hoyng wills his Economics book to the waste basket; his picture to the Rogues' gallery; his extensive knowledge of German to Dutch Neumeyer; his farmer like ways to Lawrence Ernst.

Item: John Modrijan gives his ability as a line plunger to Lawrence Gollmer; his fine physique to Bernard Hartlage; his fondness for chicken dinners to—nobody.

Item: Sylvester Moebs bequeaths his good looks to Chas. Mitchell; his ability at pinochle to Mutt and Jeff; his appetite to any three working men.

Item: Their seats in the study hall, Carl and Joseph Reichlen will to those who happen to get them. Their brotherly love goes to Eugene Wabler and Walter Junk; their inseparable companionship to Francis Otto and John Stroempl; their fondness for study to Casper Davis.

We nominate and appoint Jim MacIntyre and Brother Fidelis as executors of this our Last Will and Testament. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands at Collegeville, Indiana, this, the ninth day of June, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-seven.

Signed:

Senior Members of the Prep Department.

Henrich & Flynn,
Attorneys at Law.

Witnesses by proxy:

John V. Modrijan, Jr.

Edward M. Burns.

Association began at the usual time of one o'clock. The orchestra, with six or seven selections, furnished music for the occasion. This banquet and the meeting that followed were, according to all reports, the most successful ones staged for several years. Several important questions were discussed and the following officers elected:

President.....Mr. Lou M. Nagelsen
First Vice-President
.....Rev. Henry Hoerstmann
Second Vice-President
.....Rev. Robert Halpin

(Continued on Page 35).

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FAREWELL

"In every parting there is an image of death."

Anxiously awaited and hopefully expected is the time of graduation and of vacation. The alluring and enchantingly beautiful pictures of graduation which are at one time or another conjured up in the mind of every undergraduate produce in his mind the opinion that graduation "is a consummation devoutly to be wished." But a few weeks ago the falling of the sands of time was all too slow for the grads as well as for the rest of the students; now, however, with graduation and vacation a mere few days in the future, it may readily be seen and fully realized that "in every parting there is an image of death;" that "sorrow's crown of sorrows is the remembrance of past joys;" for we are inclined to "trust no future howe'er pleasant."

Man's nature is deeply imbued with the tendency to adjust personal actions to the demands and dictates of environment; and once a man has become acclimated to certain conditions and surroundings it is disagreeable to break the bonds which have sprung up during the course of his sojourn in some particular place and under given circumstances. But graduation is a mere milestone on the way to success, and like every other milestone it is difficult to leave behind, although it has been looked forward to with anxiety.

During the past two years the staff of the Cheer has been waiting

patiently for the end of its labors and its difficulties. Now, however, that the time for parting has come it is with regret that the staff bids farewell to the readers of the Cheer; but not only does it bid farewell, for in its farewell are contained thanks and acknowledgments for those who have assisted the staff in carrying on the work of editing the Cheer. To Father M. B. Koester for the many favors and services which he, as Faculty Advisor, rendered; to the subscribers for their willing assistances; to the advertisers for their financial aid which made possible the publication of the Cheer; to the contributors for their splendid work; last but not least, to the printers who have rendered many kind services, the entire staff tenders its sincerest thanks and a fond farewell.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

For two years, during which his guidance and assistance were ever the encouragement of the staff, Fr. M. B. Koester has directed the policies of the Cheer; and it is on this account that the staff dedicates this, the final and largest issue of the Cheer, to him. Untiring efforts and never failing zeal have won for Fr. Koester that esteem which not only the staff, but also all his associates and acquaintances, tender him in recognition of the invaluable and indispensable services he has rendered whenever an occasion for doing good and for lending assistance presented itself. When discouragement and despair, arising from unfavorable and oftentimes bitter criticism caused the staff to become disheartened, it was he who never failed, with kind and encouraging words, to spur the staff on in order that it might make the next Cheer better than the last. To what extent and how often his counsel safely directed the staff through difficulties, only the staff can know; and consequently, in thanks for, and in appreciation of his assistance the staff wishes Fr. Koester continued success and happiness in life.

An Irishman stopped before a grave in a cemetery marked by a tombstone declaring: "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man."

"An who'd ever think," he muttered, "there'd be room for two men in that one little grave?"

The man that invented life savers made a mint.

BITS O' WORSE

Wm. Friemoth

In the palace of a king,
A king of great renown,
In high estate Butch should live
To serve the king as clown.

Pups is a lad, as you know,
Able for any feat,
Who even won his nickname
By his pygmean feet.

"One-Eyed John," who could he be?
Our Chemist of great fame;
For though the results were lost,
He won the "One-Eyed" name.

Of Clete Gates, 'twell may be said
He tooted a cornet,
And though he blew it for ten years
He cannot play it yet.

Tender heart and kindly looks
Call forth the name of Pat,
But since these traits are his lot
We'll not blame him for that.

Studies, Cheer, and sports besides
Keep one rather busy,
But who'd be better for these
Than the lad called Issy?

Whiskers do not make the man
No more than moss the rocks;
For beardless Paul has his name
From wearing his "Hot Sox."

"Hitch your wagon to a star,"
So an old adage goes;
But Mike Sabo gets ahead
By following his nose.

When first he came to St. Joe
His height was not so bad,
But in the years that came
Stubby remained a lad.

Doc Stecker's a quiet chap
Whose humor, as we know,
In these past years has never
Failed his wisdom to show.

On the stage he is at home
And in the classroom too,
For Bernie is the sort of chap
Whose knowledge with him grew.

Can time and all its wonders
Again produce such a man
As Westie? The answer, no doubt,
Is that it never can.

Bill Friemoth is quite a chap—
He tries to write some verse,
But no matter how he tries
He cannot write it worse.

"Is that all the work you can do
in an hour?"

"Well, boss, I dussay I could do
mor'—But I never was one for show-
in' off."



BEYOND THE HORIZON



Wm. Friemoth, '27

Gleaning information from the talk of little birds never did appeal to me; neither is the charm of consulting witches and sorceresses so alluring as to influence me to trust the prediction of the future of the class of '27 into their scaly hands. Ours is an age of statistics. Consequently, the history of each member of our more or less illustrious class was thoroughly examined and then compared with the experiences of "many far older, far wiser than we."

Before the present century was old enough to celebrate the golden jubilee of its existence, our class leader (alphabetically speaking) was the idol of the children of Springfield, Ohio. At this time he, Matthew Amato, had lost his prestige as one of the world's foremost continuous sleepers, even while he was the proud possessor of a small monkey and of an antiquated grind organ.

It was while Signor Amato was engaged in the melodious act of grinding out that old song, "How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," that I, as a wandering Willie, chanced to recognize him. The foliage, or rather wilderness, which rendered a tie a superfluous ornament, effectively concealed my old classmate's chin which had progressed from doubleness to tripleness and which was now bordering on quadrupleness. An armadillo nose, however, betrayed its proud possessor.

Not being especially anxious to betray my identity to one who held such a high position as that of chief organ grinder of as flourishing a hamlet as Springfield, I betook myself to the railroad yards of that city without further ado. Near the yards an extraordinarily catchy billboard greeted my ever observant eye. As I stood marvelling at the appearance of the billboard, no less than at the message it conveyed, a huge automobile parked near me. A uniformed chauffeur having alighted, he assisted the occupant of the car, who was evidently a great personage, to "terra firma." The chauffeur resumed his place in the car while the other individual gazed at the sign before him, admiring all the while the phrase, "Coleman's Artificial Coal Company." His pose

and gait brought back memories of days long gone by. While I, in a caze, stared at him, the influential man before me directed his optics in my direction. Simultaneously we recognized each other, and before we again parted I was enriched with the knowledge that my classmate, Thomas Coleman, had put his knowledge of Chemistry to good use by discovering a cheap substitute for coal, the world's supply of the latter having been diminished to such an extent that death by freezing was not uncommon before Coleman's Artificial Coal had been discovered.

In the course of my long and varied travels the good fortune of meeting any of my old St. Joe classmates had never before befallen me. The meeting of two of these persons in one day instilled in me the resolve to find as many of my classmates as possible. Middletown had been the boyhood habitation of John Brenner. As my mode of travel was very inexpensive (for I always rode the rods) I boarded the next freight for Middletown. Upon arriving in that town I plodded my weary way, after several inquiries, to the parsonage of the largest Catholic church of the city (?) of Middletown. As I drew near the imposing structure, called the parsonage, which was made to look insignificant by the magnificent church next to it, I noticed a dignified individual walking slowly and flat-footedly near the parsonage. His garb was black and he seemed to be absorbed in profound meditation. Truly, thought I, John has risen to enviable heights in this world, for the short and stately stature of this man revealed his identity. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that John was assistant janitor in the parish of which he had at one time hoped to be pastor.

Nearby I beheld a large building which proved to be the parish school. By some mysterious force I was drawn to this building and as I approached it, the utter quietness which pervaded the building assured me that school had been dismissed for the day. From one of the wings of the building before me issued the inharmonious sound of a voice that I well knew. Often

had that voice encouraged a football, a basketball, and a baseball team to victory. By means of a comparatively small ladder I placed myself in such a position so as to see the happy individual who was endeavoring to mix song with his work, but who, indeed, fell far short in the song. There I beheld Clarence Issenmann, expending his energies, as he had done in school days, for the betterment of sport. He was sweeping the school's basketball floor. Upon leaving St. Joe, Issy had followed in his father's business, but his love of sports had induced him to migrate from Hamilton to Middletown in order to accept the position in which he found contentment and happiness.

Xenia, Ohio, (yes, there's a place like that) had contributed to the St. Joe class of '27 a youth of loving ways. Being a knight of the road, I acquired from some fellow hoboes a list of the best routes to Xenia. It was evening when, after several hours of travel, I disembarked in the home town of Paul Galliger. Here, again, I found a classmate who eked his living out of a school. In the first grade of a primary school it was that I found Patsy, who always did possess an innate fondness for children, in the act of relating some of his experiences at St. Joe to his attentive pupils. Tears welled to his eyes as he related how, in his last year at St. Joe, he had experienced such an extraordinary fondness for children that he resolved to spend his life in their behalf.

To the hills of Kentucky I next betook myself, and it was there that I first heard of the mighty clan of the Russells, which under the capable leadership of my heavily bearded classmate, Paul Russell, had, by means of a superior brand of white mule, eliminated all competition in the Kentucky moonshine business. That a journey to the stronghold of this powerful clan leader was fraught with dangers, I knew full well. But Paul Russell was so far removed from the idea of a heavy beard that I decided to attempt to find him. It was, in what appeared to be a log house of the nineteenth

(Continued on Page 8.)

Beyond the Horizon

(Continued From Page 7)

century, that I found the object of my search. The place appeared to be deserted, but, as I drew near the log cabin, my approach was revealed by the barking of a number of dogs of no special breed or description. So it was that when I had reached the door of the cabin I was greeted first by a gun, then, after a few words, by my friend Paul Russell. To him the world had come to mean the hills of Kentucky, and his school days were "half remembered, half forgotten things." In his conversation he stressed the need of a physician among his clan and he asked me to find Dr. Rabinowitz, alias William Stecker, and to influence him to go to Kentucky in order that he might assist his old pool partner in the office of chief physician to the Russell clan.

In view of this request I next travelled to Columbus, Ohio, in search of Bill. That for the past few years, Dr. Rabinowitz had been the personal physician to the Governor of Ohio, I found out after several inquiries. At the state capitol I inquired about my friend and after a few minutes stood before the learned doctor upon whose knowledge and efficiency rested the health of the governor's pet dog, which, in view of the fondness with which it was cherished by its owner, had come to be known as the "Governor." Doc had preserved, together with his Aristotelian physiognomy, his love for his old pal, Paul Russell. It was with little difficulty, therefore, that he was persuaded to heed the request of his old schoolmate.

Riding the rods is practical when cities are to be visited, but a new means of travel had to be resorted to in order to visit an old classmate who hailed from Ottoville, Ohio. But "where there's a will there's a way." And did not this secluded, yes, almost isolated classmate suffer from and under the name of Will? Besides in the case of a person in whose heart the fire of 'wanderlust' flamed unquenchably no artificial barrier could smother this flame. At Ottoville I heard the sad story that William Friemoth was slowly but surely on a downward path. Still, Bill did appear to be rather prosperous, so the news of his downward going seemed to be untrue. Nevertheless, his business was one that led him down, for he owned one of the deepest and

largest stonequarries in northwestern Ohio.

From Ottoville to Toledo was a mere jaunt for me, so with little difficulty I arrived in the city which harbored another classmate. Historically speaking, Bernie O'Neill had been a leader. It was but natural, therefore, that I should find him in one of the largest theaters of Toledo. Stage entrances are inaccessible to the inexperienced, but I could hardly be accused of inexperience. My presence was welcomed with sincerity by the door keeper of Loew's theater when I requested to see Bernie, for beneath the stern countenance of the door keeper there showed forth the characteristic smile of Bernie himself.

Next, at Mansfield, Ohio, I found the president and vice-president of the "Mansfield Combination Ice and Roller Skate Company" to be G. Martin Kenney and Kenneth Oliver Hans respectively. In the office of the former I discovered these two executives arguing on the relative merits and demerits of the use of balloon tires on their wonderful product. Needless to say, their conversation often threatened to be interspersed with blows, but such crises were avoided by the recalling of past experiences. Red had risen in the world until his height placed him far above the average man. Stubby, on the other hand, had not failed to get ahead in the world, for at the time of my visit his watch was protected from the rain by an abdomen which would have done justice to Epicurus himself. A number of copies of a certain publication were lying on the desk of the honorable president. Looking at the list of the members of the staff of this publication, the fact that Red Kenney had realized his schoolday ambition was evident, for Red was now editor-in-chief of the "Breezy Chatter."

To the flourishing hamlet of Norwalk I next betook myself. It was here that there dwelt a classmate of mine who answered to the name of Deacon. Although I am inclined neither by nature nor by practice to speak disparagingly of anyone, it is now my duty to present a very discouraging picture of Cletus Gates. There are exceptions to the adage that "familiarity breeds contempt" for Clete had become so enamoured with the cornet that, within the last ten years, he had blown the curves out of three cornets. But "of all the sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these," he could

not extract the necessary notes out of a cornet to become even a mediocre itinerant fish salesman.

"Mad" Anthony Wayne had always had a determined emulator in the ponderous person of Fred Westendorf. Westie had been the largest man in the class of '27 in more ways than one, but it was upon his pleonastic supply of avoirdupois that his position in the industrial world rested. The "Perfection Biscuit Company" of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, monopolized the daytime services of Westie, for in its search for a "harder than stone" biscuit, my classmate's weight won for him the position to test this new biscuit as to its cohesive qualities. His was, indeed, an enviable position. Still heaven had smiled on Westie even more generously, for his evenings were spent as mattress tester in a mattress factory.

In what had once been East Chicago, but what was now Chicago itself, I found the kid of my class. Nature had exercised her generosity to the utter exclusion of her prudence when she so copiously furnished Mike Sabo with a nose. Mike's nose was, indeed, more of a limb than a feature. His redundant supply of the olfactory organ had, however, been capitalized, for eccentricities have a certain drawing power. As the most renowned comedian of his day, Mike had returned from Hollywood in order to make a personal appearance in Chicago's zoo. It was in an iron cage that I found Mike, and it was in an adjacent cage that I found the end of his nose. As I gazed at the freak of nature before me, I wondered, "and still the wonder rose, that one small head should carry such a nose."

Now my tedious task is done; the uncertain future I have placed before you and with the hope that my predictions may prove to be too pessimistic, I will leave time to unroll the mists which cast an air of uncertainty over the careers of the members of the class of '27.

"Did you make a hit in your dramatic try-out?"

"Did I? Why the audience gazed open-mouthed before I was half through."

"Wonderful! It is so seldom that an entire audience yawns at the same time."

"It's funny how my hair parts exactly in the middle."

"Yes, on dead-center, as it were."

BIOGRAPHICAL TIDBITS

MATTHEW J. AMATO "BUTCH."

Among the number of new students whom "Mr. Monon" ushered to the portals of St. Joe in September, 1925, was the "noble" representative of Springfield, Ohio, Mr. Amato, better known as Butch. The origin of such a nickname is obscure; it is certain, however, that it does not denote a botch of any undertaking at St. Joe. His stellar playing at guard on his class football team, as well as his south-paw hurling from the mound of the "Ack" diamond were on a par with college standards. In wit and in pranks, Butch has no peer at St. Joe; for which reason no other student's company is more welcome or more enjoyed, whether on the campus, in the refectory, or in the smoking club. But a success which would end here would not be a success. Matthew accomplished the seemingly impossible by completing a four year Greek course in two years in order to carry away one of those enviable red and purple sheepskins next June. The departure of this lad will leave more than a "vacant chair", for the very halls will seem dead without his merry chatter and hearty laughter. His native state, on the other hand, is anxiously awaiting his return to receive the golden fruit of his promising career.

JOHN BRENNER. "SENIOR"

If any one in the school can justly be called a loyal son of St. Joe, 'tis John (Sheik) Brenner. West Middletown, Ohio, claims the distinction of sending this budding youth to St. Joe some six summers ago. No one can look askance at his accomplishments, for John has proved himself quite a scholar and a business man. Testimony to the truth of the latter statement can be had from anyone who has frequented St. Joe's sugar bowl at any time during the past session. That he is a scholar, we may judge from the high grades which he will take away with him in June. One characteristic has gained for John a reputation which will live forever after him. Did you ever see John blush? His is a blushing in the strict sense of the word, but he should be proud of this distinction, for has not Diogenes called it the "complexion of virtue"?

Though he had no special fondness for athletics, John was truly "Johnny on the spot" when his classmates called for his services. We are confident that John will return to Middletown this June laden with honors that will cause his brother, Luke, to feel proud of him.

THOMAS F. COLEMAN "PUPS"

An Irishman in blood, an American in spirit, and a sturdy Christian in soul was the fortunate acquisition of St. Joe when Thomas F. Coleman stepped upon its threshold that memorable September day two years ago. For, versed in the 'goods' of St. Raphael's High School of Springfield, Ohio, this friendly chap broke into the college circles to emerge with the name of Pups, and his hard earned sheep skin. Tom upheld the standards of his Alma Mater, respected her faculty, and cherished her students. Pup's captaincy of the Sixth class' gridiron squad, and of the senior "Ack's" net tossers testified to his success in the realms of sportdom, for he ever exercised his skill and the cool judgment acquired in the class room while among his associates. To say that he is a valuable member of the choir does not half express it; he is one of its leading second tenors. In dramatic art Pups has risen suddenly to an exalted position in the casts of the C. L. S. by his portrayal of feminine roles. Whoever guessed that the sassy "Julia" of "In the Next Room," and the pretty, amiable "Jean" of "Pals First" is a real he-man upon the campus? But most of all, as his grades prove, Tom has grasped the significance of school life and mastered the elements of Latin and Logic for the more difficult and more important study of philosophy. Sincerity and courage, so admirable in a college lad, overflow from the youthful character of this Irish Buckeye.

JULIUS FECHER "ANDY"

If you are looking for a good-natured fellow just seek Julius Fecher, but call him Andy. Many are the persons who, while feeling good and wishing to torment someone, satisfied their desires by picking on Andy, or Little Julius as he is sometimes called. These things do not bother Andy, for he knows

how to take things with a smile and return them with a laugh. Andy has earned every bit of knowledge he now possesses by dint of constant plugging, but he now has something really to be proud of, for he has received grades of which not even the brightest need be ashamed. There is one thing wrong with Andy, however, and that is, that he forgot to grow up. In spite of his small size he is a strong sensible fellow, capable of much work and of enduring much punishment. He uses his short body to great advantage in various places; for example, on the stage his miniature stature, together with his deep bass voice, makes him an excellent comedian. His oratorical delivery in serious selections is also worthy of a man of greater bulk. In athletics Andy shines especially in baseball as a catcher and as a batter. St. Wendelin, Ohio, is the proud town that claims Andy as its son.

FRANCIS FLEMING "RUBY"

Next in the spotlight is Francis Fleming, our all-around shark, known to us as Ruby. Gifted with an abundance of talent, initiative, and pep, Ruby was always first, or among the first in high averages. Chemistry, the dread of most students, was his hobby. He would just as lief study Chemistry as read a story book. While not a fiend for basketball, baseball, or football, he, nevertheless, wields a wicked racket on the tennis court. More than one shark has been baffled by his cuts. His kind yet firm disposition has won the hearts of all his fellow students. When it comes to work, Ruby is Johnny on the spot. By his irresistible smile and good will he has endeared himself to all his associates. Lima, Ohio, can indeed be proud to possess such a son as Ruby.

CLETUS FOLTZ "CLETE"

Who is the fellow at St. Joe who does not know Cletus Foltz, or plain Clete, the graceful sheik from Wapak? Clete is an active athlete, shining in basketball, baseball, and tennis. His musical ability is displayed in the choir. When we consider his artistic abilities we are almost tempted to think that Clete missed his vocation—he should have been a commercial artist. He also excels as an actor. Whether playing the part of a hero or of a villain his work behind the footlights is

always of the highest standard. His ability as a business man need not be questioned. He served as president for the Raleigh Smoking Club and as a member of the Executive Board of the C. L. S. In both capacities Clete gave a good account of himself. That Clete is a good looking fellow no one will question, and a mere glance at the class picture will give assurance that he will run competition with anybody in the matter of looks. His constant smile and genial countenance make friends for Clete wherever he goes.

WILLIAM FRIEMOTH
"BILL"

"Ye editors"! That is an honorable group to which William Friemoth, better known as Bill, has been a marked asset. Who has not laughed enough tears to float a hippopotamus while reading over some of the articles, sense and otherwise, which have occupied a place in almost every Cheer, and which are the prodigies of Bill's pen? Yes, Bill is a journalist with advanced capabilities. When Bill set out to do something, he did it; having championed the dictum that "twere childish weakness to lament or fear." Bill, however, did not alway live up to this ideal, for it is certain that he had at least a little fear of someone, and having seen his bruises one morning we are inclined to believe that he was justified in feeling a bit shy. No doubt, the editor has enjoyed his position, since it has afforded such a wonderful chance to get even with his pseudo-enemies by making them the subject of the joke column in the Cheer. Bill has done this thing, but he had, or has no enemies. In pedagogics Bill has talent that few can boast of. For instance, he can turn "Thanatopsis" inside out and recite it backward, word for word. In the interesting branch of Logic he is a wizard. That he has become very proficient in basketball is evident from the fact that his face can be seen midst the Senior Champs of this year. When his Alma Mater gives him leave of absence this June, it will not be with regret, for intuition tells her that Bill will do himself and herself credit in the world.

ERNEST GALLAGHER
"SQUIRE"

Ernest Gallagher, more commonly known as the Squire, hails from Terre Haute, Ind. The Squire, though not blessed with a super-

abundance of talent, by his constant plugging, however, has achieved more than ordinary success. He has never known such words as quit or give up. As a student he has held several positions of trust. As a houseboss, he is unsurpassed. Under his direction every corridor and hallway were kept scrupulously clean. His tireless endurance in discharging the difficult position of sacristan was truly admirable. More than once, when the rest of us were enjoying a free day, the Squire was working in chapel decorating the altars. Everyone is cognizant of his artistic abilities, for the beautiful manner in which he always decorated the altars has elicited the praise of everyone. In the realm of sports his claim to distinction lies on the tennis courts. By his willingness to help others he has made many friends.

PAUL P. GALLIGER
"PATSY"

Of the many "grads to be" this year at St. Joe, Patsy is one of the few who really grew up under the loving guidance of his Alma Mater; for back in '22 Paul, then a timid chap clad in knee trousers, was first seen tugging his satchel up the steps of the south entrance. Since that day this Xenia lad, ever a quiet and diligent student, has been steadily climbing over classics and textbooks to obtain one of those enviable scripts of the college—a diploma. Always a real collegian, Patsy has shown himself an active and valuable member in his class as well as in school activities. The two basketball championships which came to his class during the last two years are largely due to his efforts as captain and forward, he being third high point man in the Senior League last season. During the past couple of years, Patsy's efforts in the C. L. S. have brought success to him in the many feminine roles which he portrayed. As an aged mother in "Peaceful Vally" and a graceful madame in the cast of "In the Next Room" he really displayed the fulness of his dramatic ability. Singing with a melodious first tenor voice this same lad has for a long time been a valuable member of the St. Joe Choristers. Last year Patsy was elected as one of the best men to represent the Dwenger Mission Unit at the National Convention held at Dayton, Ohio; it was there that he confirmed the confidence placed in him by taking a leading part in the pageant.

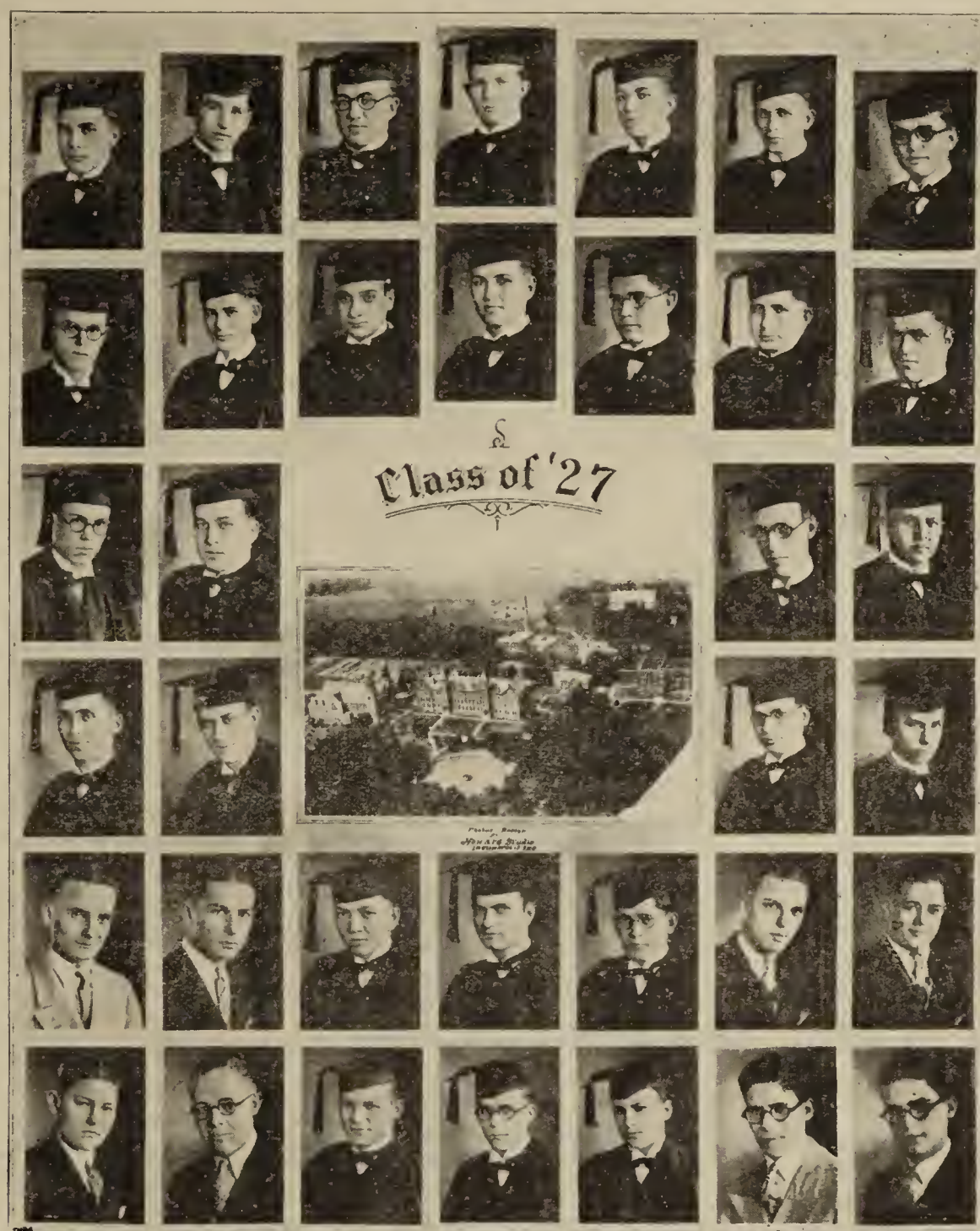
"Trusts" are usually horrible commercial evils conducted by heartless men, but the "Candy" and the "Pool" trusts, as they were operated by Patsy and his fellow monopolist, possessed none of their big brothers' bad habits. It seemed to them rather more of a means to render service and to make friendships than a bank for the boys' shekels. While none of these achievements reveal the marks of exceptional collegiate successes, Patsy's disposition as a quiet "plugger," a congenial fellow, and a respectful son of his Alma Mater unquestionably point to a still greater success in later life.

CLETUS J. GATES
"DEACON."

Emerging dusty and AGITATED from his long trip on the Wabash and the Monon, a lad of dark-complexion, not yet twenty, sauntered upon the campus of St. Joe two years ago, from that little town just outside of Peru township, Norwalk, Ohio, challenging his new classmates with his slow loquacious drawl. He soon became the AGITATION of the whole class. Upon inquiring, we, his classmates, found that our new prodigy was a certain Cletus Gates, the famous scout of the Cleveland Indians, more commonly known as the Deacon. Clete endeavored to bury his talents in the study hall, but Professor Tonner soon discovered in him a cornet player of note and has used him as an experienced soloist for the past two years in the college band. Because of the Deacon's clever footwork, he was inaugurated to play guard when the "All Star" basketball team of '25-'26 was organized. Not to be outwitted in the national pastime, he joined the "Ack" baseball team and won his monogram. The Deacon, realizing that he had won success on the athletic field, turned with keen interest to dramatics and by the help of the C. L. S. he found his way into major roles in "Grumpe," "In the Next Room," and "Pals First." Moreover, regardless of Clete's outside activities, he is a student of the honor roll class, maintaining very nicely his average of about ninety-five per cent. Credit is due to him for his uncanny ability to sit and "plug" for hours at a time. He has worked hard and has accomplished much.

NORBERT GERLACH
"NORBY"

If all good things come in small packages, then the name of our



Top Row—John Brenner, Thomas Coleman, Julius Fecher, Francis Fleming, Cletus Foltz, William Friemuth, Cletus Gates. Second Row—Ernest Gallagher, Paul Galliger, Matthew Amato, Clarence Issenmann, Herbert Kramer, Norbert Gerlach, Gregory Gobel. Third Row—Joseph Green, Kenneth Hans, Martin Kenney, Francis Laudick. Fourth Row—William Neidert, Bernard O'Neill, Paul Russell, Michael Sabo. Fifth Row—Henry Alig, Edward Burns, Joseph Scharrer, William Stecker, Francis Uecker, Sylvester Moebis, John Modrijan. Bottom Row—Edward Henrich, Lamont Hoyng, Fred Westendorf, Eugene Wuest, Alfred Zanolar, Carl Reichlin, Joseph Reichlin.

friend, Norbert Gerlach, alias Norby, is a misprint on any package of even medium size. Though five feet two and eyes of black, Norby is accused of two hundred pounds by the never-lying balance. Hailing from the booming metropolis of Celina, Ohio, Norbert entered our ranks with a determination to succeed. In the study hall and in the class room he has always proved himself a real "plugger" and a sincere student. As an athlete, though slightly handicapped by his "preponderancy" he has, nevertheless, established a batting average which Bruno Betzel surely envies. At second in baseball and as forward in basketball Norby has always snatched coveted honors. His big

heart and winning smile have endeared him to all who know him. As an all-around sport, the kind that always succeeds, Norby is worth his weight in gold.

GREGORY GOBEL "BIG SIX"

In a place called Newton County, Not a hundred miles away, Is the place where "Big Six" Gregory Saw the first bright lights of day.

Back home, on a West Indiana farm where sandburrs greet the morning sun, and also kiss it good night, Gregory Gobel spent most of his infant years before entering our ranks. A wee five footer he was, when he lugged his grip up the

steps of "Alma Mater" six years ago. But alas! With these six years of regularity of life accompanied by numerous advantages and opportunities, Greg has attained the six foot mark. On the diamond Greg shines as a "hurler." No doubt, he has been the cause of the class's success in baseball these last two years. On the "harwood" he has a mean eye for the loop. Greg, endowed with strength of body and of will, we feel sure, will always succeed as he has done with us.

JOSEPH GREEN "DOOTHEY"

On the seventh of April, 1906, in the city of London, England, Joseph

Green was born. Whoever at that time thought that this lad, who has lately come to be known as Doothey, would graduate from St. Joe twenty-one years later? As Doothey is the only Englishman in the graduating class he alone has to fight for his country, but he fights a good fight, and judging from him we are convinced that England can and does produce capable men. As a linguist, Doothey is unsurpassed as he can speak the German language better than most of the other fellows of his class who have the map of Germany on their faces. That he is a business man is evident from the way in which he, as president of the Dwenger Mission Unit, conducted that society during the first semester of this year. By his pleasing smile and good nature, or by his naturally sweet disposition (as someone has aptly called it) he is always desirable company for everybody.

KENNETH HANS
"STUBBY"

What might be said about "Stubby." Kenneth Hans, would fill a library. Setting out from Mansfield, Ohio, in September, 1922, K. O. Hans invaded these sacred precincts, and in doing so brought to St. Joe a character and a smile that have carried him to triumph after triumph. Yes, Stubby is blessed with a personality that has struck home, as the number of his friends will go to prove. The Dwenger Mission Unit recognized a born leader in Stubby and placed him at its head. The Columbians might not have been so successful in their heavy productions had they not had Stubby to fall back upon when a little boy, or a waiter was needed. He and his friend, Martin George, should find it easy to land a job in any hotel in Mansfield, if it has a hotel. Casting all jokes aside, with the exception of Stubby himself, we must admit that Stubby has done fine work in dramatics. This, however, is not the only place in which his untiring efforts have proved fruitful. In pedagogy Stubby is known to have spent many an hour in real plugging, while he might have been on the campus. We would be guilty of a heinous crime if we did not mention those black locks which have won fame and fortune—in his estimation. The manner in which he has kept those curling irons hid has been ingenious. His ability in the Collegeville Police Force may be summed up in the following words: "He could not detect

sand in the heart of the Sahara." As a member of last year's Pool trust, and this year's Candy trust, Stubby manifested shrewd business ability. In handshaking, too, Stubby was without rival or equal. His Alma Mater will expect much of him, and, no doubt, she will not be disappointed.

CLARENCE ISSENMANN
"ISSY"

To recount all that is really great in Clarence Issenmann's career at St. Joe would be equivalent to a history of the Senior class for the past two years; for never was a college activity proposed but what he was its zealous supporter. His presidency of the present graduating class well may be taken as the pinnacle of his collegiate success, since this honorable, but laborious office crowns all his minor achievements. His winning personality above all else is responsible for the wholehearted good will of his professors and the universal admiration of his fellow students. And why should it not be so? Has not this true son of the "President-State" given his best, as the best, since he first came under the kind guidance of his Alma Mater in the September of 1925? As captain, manager, or coach of special basketball and baseball teams, during his junior and senior years, he piloted these teams to three championships. Even in the games which he lost, he was always a model of sportsmanship. His acting in the programs of the C. L. S., during his senior year, bears testimony to his rapid progress in the field of dramatic art. This very Cheer is an admirable sample of his literary achievements, for he is one of its leading editors. In the classroom he repeats a similar success to the count of 99 and 100, a record which has seldom been surpassed in the history of St. Joe. With such a winning personality, such a talented mind, and such an untiring zeal as Clarence, who is known to all as Issy, displayed throughout his college career, does his Alma Mater proudly send him forth to perform still greater achievements for Christ the King.

HERBERT KRAMER
"HERB"

Herbert Kramer, familiarly known as Herb, is a Mercer County product not to be overlooked. He is a big man in more respects than one. As a mathematician Herb stands out

in his class without an equal. But mathematics is by far not the only branch in which he shines, for in all his other studies he has been receiving enviable marks. While he is not what one would call "crazy" after sports he, nevertheless, is right there with the goods whenever his class needs him. During the last semester Herb held the office of treasurer of the C. L. S. Everybody at St. Joe will miss Herb, but especially will the Rev. Librarian lose an able assistant. The band will also feel his loss as he is an excellent clarinetist. Although everyone hates to see Herb leave, they all wish him success in all the affairs of his later life.

FRANCIS LAUDICK
"FRANZ"

It was on the 24th of March, 1907, that Frank Laudick first saw the light of the little city of Delphos, Ohio. At the time scarcely anyone dreamed that "Franz Eselbein," as he is now called, would be one of the foremost members of an illustrious class of grads. But truth is stranger than fiction and since Franz came to St. Joe he has taken the lead in his studies, especially in those of a mathematical character. When asked whether he intended to get a "Summa Cum Laude" he answered with the syllogism: If I want to get a "Summa" I will have to study terribly hard during the coming year.

But it is against all my principles to study hard, therefore, I shall be satisfied if I do not get a "Summa."

In the line of sports, though not exactly the best in school, yet he has given a good account of himself in football, basketball, baseball, and horseshoe. He has played consistently on the academic teams, and his work as backguard in basketball and as fielder in baseball was always of a high type. He has been an active member of the Raleigh Smoking Club for the past two years, and of the C. L. S. during the last year. Franz received his portion of the dramatic work for the year in the role of a dorky in the "Boiled Owls." Here he was an ideal coon. May Franz ever succeed in all that he undertakes after he leaves the hallowed walls of St. Joe.

WILLIAM NEIDERT
"BILL"

William Neidert, ordinarily Bill, is one of the best liked fellows and one of the hardest workers at St.

Joe. His recreation is mainly helping someone else. That he is a very capable man is evident from the fact that during the two years which he has spent here, he has been secretary for three different organizations. Besides this he has been critic for the C. L. S. during the last semester and has been on the Cheer Staff for the last two years. To fill all these offices properly a great deal of work is required, but Bill performed the work faultlessly. In spite of all this work, he will, no doubt, graduate with very high honors. The saying, "A sound mind in a sound body" proves to be true in Bill, for he is a giant both physically and mentally. In the line of sports Bill is unsurpassed in his respective positions. With the exception of one other, Bill was the high point man in the senior basketball league. He plays first base in baseball, and that he is the best man for this position at St. Joe, no one questions. Although he did not receive an opportunity to display his dramatic abilities in any of the C. L. S. public programs, he has shown himself one of the best actors on the place in the play, "More Sinned Against Than Sinning," privately given during Christmas vacation, and also in the Operetta recently given. Loretto, Tenn., certainly has reasons to feel proud to own Bill as one of its sons.

BERNARD F. O'NEILL.

"BERNIE."

A "sheik" in the American sense of that word was Bernie when he first brightened the college halls with his winning smile and his flashing "duds," last September a year ago. It was not long, however, before the Toledo lad fell into the happy swing of college life. On the stage most of all Bernie was at home, mastering as he did, the heaviest roles of the C. L. S. plays seemingly with ease. Having witnessed Bernie as the notorious "Crochard" of "In the Next Room" one does not hesitate to say that, after his chosen calling, his next best role in the drama of life is that of an actor. On the basketball court as well as on the diamond, this lad displayed almost professional skill, being captain of the latter squad. His endless experiences told in Irish witticisms have earned for him a place of esteem among his chums, while his willingness to work, and his ability to accomplish tasks have

endeared him to his professors. Fortunately, therefore, will be that community which shall claim him as its citizen, for he is made of the "stuff" which makes the world turn more happily and progressively. With a truly successful college career, Bernie shows all the requisites necessary for the accomplishment of whatever life has to offer him.

PAUL RUSSELL
"HOT SOX"

Blue grass! Derby Day! What do we think of when we read these words? Kentucky, of course; and then we cannot help but think of Paul M.—Hot Sox—Russell. This peppy youth, bidding a reluctant adieu to Kentucky hills in September, 1925, set out to show the world that he had convictions, and that he could live up to them. He has done precisely this. A mature intellect, combined with a retentive memory, and, above all, the eagerness and willingness to advance in wisdom, have won for Paul the respect and good will of both his professors and fellow students. The success of every project undertaken by the class bears a distinct flavor, given it by his ever helping hand. Being a consistent plugger, he is all the more worthy of the high grades that have marked his untiring efforts. In every sport, he was a sport, and we all know that in basketball he was a mighty pillar of defense. An opposing forward might just as well have tried to dribble through Plymouth Rock as to dribble around Paul M. His Alma Mater will take just pride in sending him out into the world this June 9, for Paul has taken to himself the words of wisdom that have been taught him.

MICHAEL SABO
"MIKE"

In September, 1926, a youngster still in the midst of his teens, applied for admission to the major seminary at Cincinnati, but His Reverence, the Archbishop, decided that Mike was not far enough advanced in years to delve into Philosophy. Hence Mike was sent to St. Joe to develop. And has he developed? Well, I guess he has! Mike has won many friends, for when he is around there is pep in the crowd. Although he did not take up basketball until late in the season, he turned out to be a "dark horse." He was just a beginner, but he carried himself like a veteran. As a handshaker he is worthy of our heartiest compliments. The methods he em-

ploys are quite unique, and really novel in comparison to those used by another well-known handshaker in our midst. Mike was always alert to take advantage of opportunities, and he was never known to refuse a dare (????). In tennis it was surprising how such a little arm as Mike's could wield a racket with such a degree of proficiency as Mike displayed. This proficiency was probably attained in secret practise under the careful eye of one of 'Ye editors'! All in all, Mike has made a record at St. Joe in which he should take just pride, and it is certain that he will leave his Alma Mater with a feeling of indebtedness which can be compensated only by making good in the world.

JOSEPH SCHARRER
"HICKEY"

The sixth class is indeed fortunate in possessing such an athlete as Hickey. In basketball he is an elusive forward—the terror of his guard. In football he has more than once torn through the opposing lines for substantial gains. In baseball he is our star shortstop. Also in tennis his ability is acknowledged. But this is not the only sphere in which his efficiency is noticeable. In the classroom he is always ready with the goods, but especially is he proficient in oratory. His ability has secured him a leading role in nearly all the plays given by the C. L. S. Behind the footlights he plays his parts to perfection. He has also been president of the C. L. S., and has filled that position very capably. Youngstown, Ohio, has given St. Joe a worthy son in the person of Hickey, really Joseph Scharrer.

WILLIAM STECKER
"DOC"

"Doc" needs no introduction. Everyone knows him, either because he has attended each one of us personally, or because of his unusual speed in answering emergency calls. Yes! without a doubt the Doctor is an accomplished physician. This, however, is not the only reason why we know Doc; no, not by any means. Columbus, Ohio, I would venture to say, has not produced another man who has the determination and perseverance of Doc, William Stecker. When something seemed a bit vague, Doc would sit and study over it until light beamed through the panels of misunderstanding. His hearty laughter and genial disposition have made him the friend of everyone.

In athletics Doc was no slacker. In football he was a team by himself. Those who have played "versus" Doc know that it is not exaggeration to say that he was one of the best linesmen that St. Joe could produce. The C. L. S. recognized his ability and honored him with the chairmanship of the Auditing Committee. Bill did his work in this capacity admirably well. Doc was a student who knew everyone's business, but who was prudent enough to look only after his own. And it is to his credit that he can be classed among that very small number which has never fallen into the snares of the usual pastime of gossip. We are confident that Doc will make a big hit in the field of medicine after he has given St. Joe a final farewell.

FRANCIS UECKER
"CURLY"

In Frank Uecker we find speed and slowness blended into one. This may seem to be a paradox, but anyone who is well acquainted with Curly, as he is called, will know that it is not a paradox. On the basketball floor or on the campus Curly is not to be excelled in speed, but in affairs where another would get excited and act too hastily, Curly takes his time. He is one of the coolest fellows on the place. That Curly, hailing from Fort Wayne, is an excellent sport is evident from the fact that he was chosen as end for the All Star football team of St. Joe and as running guard for the All-Star basketball team. His work as left fielder in baseball has been very commendable. Sad to say, the choir will lose a very good first tenor in the person of Curly. In his studies he is not exactly a shark but he certainly is a great ways from being a slacker; in other words, he is an average student.

FREDERICK WESTENDORF
"WESTIE"

Westie! When one hears that name he can picture a man-sized youth with a smile, and with a heart proportionate to his size. And Westie is a youth with no small physical build. The praises that are due him cannot be put into words. One could fill the leaves of a large book and still not narrate half of the successes that make up his glory. Possessing undaunted courage, an essential of high character, he has borne himself beyond the expectations of all, and he has done in the figure of a lion, the feats of

a lion; in a word he has done all that anyone could expect of him, his duty. Look at his record. His career on the stage began with his appointment as stagemanager. 'Tis no wonder that he is at home on the stage. Excellent work in dramatics won for him the good will and serious attention of the Columbians, who could manifest their appreciation in no better way than by choosing him to guide them through storm and tempest. This he did and he toiled for them commendably. The scene is changed. On the hardwood he was a tower of strength; and on the gridiron, where men are men, and kids are snapped like toothpicks, Westie fought with the courage of Fitz-James, who alone facing an army said, "come one, come all! This rock shall fly from its firm base, as soon as I." In the classroom too, Westie was a go-getter. He is one of St. Joe's sons who will ever be remembered, and who, in turn, will ever remember St. Joe, and he will show it by succeeding in whatever he attempts.

EUGENE WUEST
"KID"

Eugene Wuest, alias Kid, is one of those rare fellows gifted with poetic talent. He began his studies with his brother Albert, who graduated last year, but on account of eye trouble Kid was forced to drop back a year. But this year of rest did not cause him to give up in despair, for he was determined to succeed, and now he is succeeding quite well. As the year of '26 could truly boast of a first class fellow from Norwood, Ohio, by the name of Wuest, so can the class of '27. In the line of athletics he has shown himself a star outfielder. A fly ball coming his way is as good as a strikeout. He has also distinguished himself by his aptitude in the field of electricity. In the line of Expression, Kid is no slouch either, and even though he has not appeared in public, he has treated his class with several well-delivered dramatic and oratorical selections. Good luck to you, Kid.

ALFRED ZANOLAR
"ZULU"

Although Alfred Zanolar, commonly called Zulu, brings up the rear of the class alphabetically, in many other ways he is well in the lead. Zulu is gifted with talents, quick wit, speed of action, and a dark complexion. The study of Chemistry,

which by its very nature causes trouble to most students, apparently has caused him no trouble at all. But this sketch would be incomplete were it maintained that this is the only branch in which Zulu shines, for he is equally good in most of the other branches. In the art of Expression he holds a place all his own. Several years ago when he first began this study, a certain person mentioned that Zulu would make good material for the Expression class, and we must truthfully say that we have never been disappointed in his oratorical delivery. During the past two years which he spent at St. Joe he has worked on the Cheer staff as an editor and has filled this position very well. In the line of sports Zulu is right there, especially in basketball and tennis. Although Zulu is accused quite often of coming from Africa, he claims Laporte, Ind., as his birthplace.

HIGH SCHOOL
HENRY ALIG
"HEINIE"

We must take an interest in Fort Recovery, not only because of the historical events linked with her name, but also because she has given us one of her most hardy sons in the person of Henry Alig. Heinie, who came to St. Joe in '23, has since that time, won an enviable place for himself in the heart of every student. He is admired, not only for his good-natured, cheerful disposition, but also for the splendid class record that he has established during his sojourn at St. Joe. Besides, he is an old hand at all sports, but he is especially famed for his prowess on the diamond. He was also treasurer of the Newmans, and is now secretary of the graduating class. We sincerely hope that success may attend him as the years roll on.

EDWARD BURNS
"EDDIE"

Eddie Burns is not related to the immortal Bobby, nevertheless, he can sling a wicked poetic pen as is witnessed by his numerous poems composed since his advent to St. Joe in '24. He is especially known around St. Joe for his fun loving propensities, his pronounced lack of interest in giddy people, and his uncanny ability to dodge any task which requires mental effort. Eddie was class cheer leader for the last two years, and he was also 'official' timekeeper at any and all basketball games played on the St. Joe hard-

wood. Likewise, he took an active interest in Newman Club activities, participating in several programs and holding the honorary position of Vice-President of the Club. Oh, yes, before we forget, Eddie has a fine bass voice. If he ever goes in for grand opera we confidently expect that he will make John McCormick look like a back number. Good luck to you, Eddie!

EDWARD HENRICH
"GERMANY"

Germany is what is known in campus vernacular as a fair-haired, pink-skinned, baby blue-eyed, male "Helen of Troy." Aside from these feminine proclivities, however, Eddie is every inch a man, as his athletic record proves. Paska Appa Gamma Bohema, or just plain Germany, as he is affectionately called by his boy friends, has been a member of the class basketball and baseball squads for the past two years. Being an enthusiastic tennis shark, Germany was elected court manager, and has comported himself very well in this capacity. Eddie also possesses pronounced histrionic ability, as was shown by his apt portrayal of a feminine character in the last Newman program. We are sorry to see him leave old St. Joe, but we sincerely hope that Dame Fortune will smile on him wherever he goes.

LAMONT HOYNG
"TWEET"

We are indebted (?) to Coldwater, Ohio, for sending us this splendid specimen of "romantic" American manhood. Tweet is a Romeo such as Shakespeare in his wildest flights of fancy could never conjure up. But besides being a Valentino revived, he is a man to be reckoned with in athletic circles; for he has played on the class basketball and baseball teams for the past three years. Lamont is known as a pill hurler de luxe, the "Iron Man of the Mound." His ability to handle the saxophone in a way that would make Paul Whiteman throw a jealous fit, merited for him a place in the orchestra. Continued success for Tweet is the wish of his classmates.

JOHN MODRIJAN
"JOHNNY"

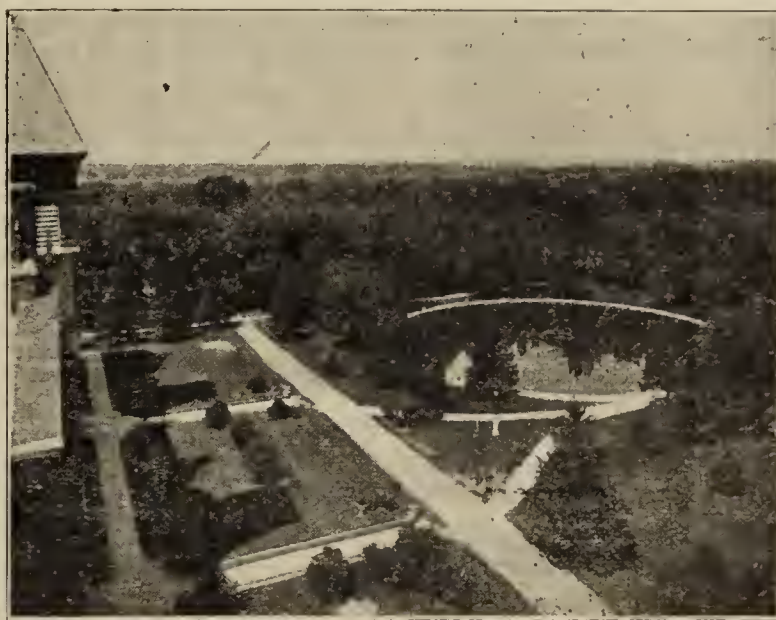
"A man among men" is the expression used by his classmates when they discuss the merits of Johnny Modrijan. What higher praise could be accorded to any youth by his

admiring classmates? Johnny's merits are manifest and manifold. Mentally and physically he is a person who might be well envied and emulated by his fellow students. He is known as a diligent student, a lad bountifully blessed with good common sense. Above all, however, he is an excellent athlete, and has played a prominent part in all the class football games in the past three years, being captain of the '25 gridiron squad and manager of the '26 team. For the past three years he has also been a member

ductions presented by the Newmans during the past year. He took an active interest in class affairs, serving on several committees with credit. We all join in wishing him the best of luck, and we sincerely trust that his happiness may grow greater and his burdens lighter as the years flit swiftly by.

JOSEPH AND CARL REICHLIN
"BIG SPEED" "LITTLE SPEED"

The names of Joe and Carl Reichlin are inseparably linked together. The Speed brothers are as near each



of the class basketball quintet. In class activities he has always taken a prominent part, being ever willing to sacrifice his own spare time in order to prepare a bit of choice entertainment for the enjoyment of his fellows. The Fourths wish him much success in his every enterprise. May he shine very brilliantly in whatever sphere he should happen to labor.

SYLVESTER MOEBS
"SYL"

Probably the most admired and best loved fellow in our class is Syl Moebis. Syl, who hails from the "Windy City", first saw the spires of old St. Joe in '23. During his four years 'vacation' here he has built up a record that any student would be proud to possess; for he held end position on the gridiron squad for three consecutive seasons, and has played with the class cage team for the past two years. His fame as a pianist is far spread, and we expect great things from him in the near future. Syl is also a splendid exponent of dramatic art, as he proved by his striking representation of a "big, bad man" in one of the stage pro-

other as the Siamese twins. In fact, compared to the Speeds, Damon and Pythias were utter strangers. The Reichlin boys hail from Lorain, Ohio, and since their coming to St. Joe in '23 they have established a reputation as hard working, serious minded, lovable fellows. They are willing to do their bit in any class undertaking, and are ever ready to lend a helping hand to a classmate in distress. The names "Big Speed" and "Little Speed" will remain long enshrined in the hearts of their classmates. May they be successful in whatever they undertake, this is the sincere wish of all their numerous friends.

Passenger—"My goodness, we knocked down that man. Aren't you going to stop?"

Driver—"What's the use, we'll read all about it in the papers?"

Thug—"Stick 'em up, buddy, if you move, you're dead."

Logical Citizen—"You're wrong, if I move it's a sign that I'm alive."

Scharrer—"Say, you're sitting on some jokes I cut out."

Squire—"I thought I felt something funny."

AHEAD OF THE SANDS OF TIME

Francis Uecker, 27

(Wuest to Fleming)

On summer's somber evening breezes rolled the rumbling echoes of the wily witch as she prophesied that in 1933, Eugene Wuest would be justice of peace and chief probate judge of the 29th district of 'Cincy,' where he will devote all of his leisure moments in devising means to eliminate the common sin, divorce, which, he maintains, is increasing weekly at the rate of 16 T's. If, perchance, Gene's plans prove so effective as to bring about the accomplishment of his ideal before the expiration of his term, he will fill the office of electrician in the City Hall, and will, upon the first request, make use of his special hobby by blowing out all the lights.

As soon as the present Chemistry "prof" is able to get along without the aid of his right-hand assistant, Joe Green, Joe will leave for the University of Washington where he will teach higher Chemistry. "Ibit, redibit nunquam peribit (in experimentis)." That Doothey," as Green is called, will prove a success is evident from the way he has paved his way to fame from the very first day of his entrance into the laboratory. From his infancy "Doothey" showed signs of some day becoming famous. He even more than his predecessor, "Pop" Wuest, knew most of his Chemistry books by heart, and vice versa.

There, segregated from his college chums and ex-friends, sits Julius Fecher, apparently engrossed in some momentous, powerfully cogent business affairs. Julius, more commonly known either as Little Julius or Shorty, because of his abbreviated height, is laying plans for establishing a sauerkraut factory in partnership with one of his classmates under the name of Andy Ruebensneider and August Schlabberhossen. This is the incomprehensible pseudonym by which Shorty Fecher intends to deceive the public in supplying the Irish with their future food supply.

History informs us that the Greeks have always been remarkably well noted for their speedy and long distance runners. Several decades after Speedy Frankovich had made himself famous as a logician and chemist, he declared that the sprinter, Phidippides, sent by Milt-

iades to announce the victory to the inhabitants of a town, at a distance of 22 miles, died an unnatural death. The demise of the Greek speed king, he states, was due to the failure of the oxygen to combine in the right proportion with the hydrogen of the exhaled air to form sufficient water to cool his boiling blood, hence he burned to death. Speedy, or as many call him, Frank Laudick, has won laurels in translating Greek and Latin classics, and as a remuneration for his strenuous labors, fate has decreed that his future shall be spent among the "Zulus" of the South Sea Islands, where he says his heart has ever been. There he will spend his leisure moments in chasing lightning bugs into his laboratory; where he will devote much of his time to ascertaining the solubility of birthday cake in buttermilk. Just recently Frank has purchased a franchise, which binds him until his 98th birthday, to provide the students of St. Joe with an annual Christmas tree. His middle name being "success," all possible doubt as to the attaining of his ideal is "ipso facto" eliminated.

Away back in the nineties a poor, thin, emaciated lad sat by the shore of an Ohio reservoir, musing over the world's future sardine supply. Thinking within himself that "experience is the best teacher," he was confident that the world was bound sooner or later to face the greatest disaster in the history of mankind, namely, the shortage of food! So Norbert Gerlach undertook to study this cosmopolitan affair. And today we find him with a solution for this appalling situation in his sixth year while on the verge of graduating from St. Joe. Greatly enraptured by his course of studies, Norbert has decided, without the divination of the gods, to spend the next 53 years of his life as a welfare worker among the colored races of the torrid zone. Should he survive after that time, he will repair to China to take over the office of Provincial of his Community Brethren in Wu Ching Pig.

If Clete Foltz succeeds within the next twenty years to graduate from St. Joe, he can be congratulated for having accomplished a great feat;

but he is now striving with unrivaled enthusiasm to improve upon his latest achievement, the translation of Rockliff. His ideal is to produce a perfect copy of this work before he leaves St. Joe.

Difficult indeed was the task of determining where the future would find our friend, Gregory Gobel. All doubts, however, are discarded. During the last several years Gobel has kept his pitching arm in trim by taking his daily dozen, and we now find Greg, alias Big Six, pitching a fine grade of ball for the White Sox—on rainy days.

For whom were those nine quacks? Oh! they were for Gallagher, the Squire. In view of his blind obedience, and faithful service which he rendered during the six years of his probation at the various institutions of learning where he was stationed, Msgr. Gallagher has, as was predicted, won for himself the twofold position of pastor and sexton of Cork Cathedral, during the absence of the regular pastor. Beneath the Squire's swallow-tailed coat lies concealed the most tacit, conservative, and refined gentleman that ever perambulated the McAdamsized highways of the new world. So absurd does he consider it to meddle in other peoples' affairs that he claims it to be eavesdropping to listen in on the radio. Until the time of his departure for Ireland arrives, the lot of the Msgr. shall be, since he truthfully boasts of having powerfully strong feet and several bad dogs, to traverse the western hemisphere and impart to all the reformed crooks the words of good ethics with all the vigor, strength, and eloquence possessed by a real sprig of the old sod.

In looking back over the days at St. Joe, the beaming eyes and shining face of jolly little Herbert Kramer can be seen occupying a prominent place. His knowledge of astronomy was so astonishing that his classmates, prefects, and superiors wondered, "and still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew." So complete was Herbert's command of the ethereal regions that, within 39 days, he figured out to the 1000th of an inch the length of Halley's comet, and to the fifth decimal place the num-

ber of molecules of lactic acid in the Milky Way. Herbert is now in command of America's largest astronomical observatory. This distinction is his recompense for his astounding success in the Milky Way experiment. We sincerely hope that he will spend his nocturnal leisure more peacefully and with greater ease, than he was accustomed to do during his college days, when, while in the dormitory rattling off the names of the constellations in his sleep, he was often accused by others of raving. This caused Herbert to become greatly discouraged, for after much kneeling practice on the "carpet," the camel's skin on his prayerbones failed to rob him of his sense; i. e., sense of pain.

Several months ago while visiting the hospital in Chicago I chanced upon a young chap who was walking about a ward with his jaw in a sling, and who was reading from the works of Shakespeare. After I had inquired of a nurse who the lad might be, I became exceedingly surprised when I heard that this convalescent was none other than our old friend and chum, Joe Scharrer. The marvelous fortitude with which Joe sustained his injury gives convincing proof that more than trivial matters are required to make life unbearable for him, for while at the hospital, he gleefully read Shakespeare extensively and learned from Hamlet that "it is better to be than not to be." Joe's fondness for the works of the greatest bard

he rendered in London's greatest theatre.

Such is the character of the "minor et major pars" of the class of '27 that the decision of the fates concerning the future of Alfred Zanolar was not forthcoming even after a fortnight's brain-racking and scrutinizing search through each volume of their massive library. Bewildered at such misfortune they abandoned their hope as futile. But what a surprise! While returning the bulky books to their shelves a "Sunbeam" fell upon the cover of the last volume. Then and there the baffled fates beheld the outline of a crescent moon. Alas, the composition of the halfmoon proved Alfred's, alias Zulu's, affinity for cheese. Since that time he readily responds to the appellation of "African Cheese Hound." During the last two years Zulu has been employed by the Royal courts of England, and to prove his activity as a member of the royal court it is but necessary to quote from a recent anthology:

"Then out came the pages in costumes gay,
Singing and dancing for King Rene.
Shrimp, and Ham, and Pop were there;

So was the 'Nigger' with golden hair."

But our sanguinic friend will devote his future life to the extension of the gospel from the Irish settlements of Missouri to the aboriginal lumber-jacks of Wisconsin.

Shortly after the rumbling train had stopped, I left the station in the direction of a hotel. Not a

ing roar of the elevated, the shouts of the taxi-drivers informed me that I had reached my destination. New York City with all its traffic and din soon had me in its magic grasp. Francis Uecker, steeple jack for the Zanolar Constructing Co., met me at the station in his powerful "Royce." As we sped along the wide avenues, Francis briefly narrated his many adventures since he left St. Joe. Beginning his earthly career as "Stable Boy" in Pusse's Livery Stable, he soon worked himself up to the honorary job of straw boss. He then started his glorious career in music, beginning with the clarinet. After reaching metropolitan fame in that line, he forsook it for "Steeple-jacking," to which profession he still clings. During spare moments he wipes fly-specks from Lorillard's glass tower at the corner of Ball and Fall Sts. For this daring task he receives two packs of "chewing gum" a week, which recompense seems to preserve him in a fairly contented humor.

It was the evening of Alumni Day on which the Spirit of Prophecy last visited me. Long had I sought to recall the prophetic mood, but up to that evening it would not come. But suddenly came a rushing in my head, a shaking of my limbs, a sound as of a mighty wind. A light began to break through the un-earthly darkness and revealed a lanky "six footer" seated near the banks of a river in Africa, intently examining a pigmy. Curious, I strolled up to him and was delighted to find an old friend, William Neidert. In the course of our conversation I asked him what might be his occupation. "Well," he answered, "it might be raising mashed potatoes or baked beans, but it happens that I am trying to discover the reason why some people never grow up." It appeared that he was deeply interested in the case of a certain "Andy" Fecher, who for some time already had been carrying on correspondence with an institution in Los Angeles, California, on "How to Grow Taller." Finally he stated that, should he succeed in his experiment, he would return to the University of Collegeville where he had been engaged as Professor of Dramatics and as Spiritual Director. Just as he finished speaking the darkness of this world once more closed in upon me, the light of the future faded, and the spirit of prophecy had gone,—not to return, at least not for this year.



of all times grew so intense that he chose as his career to be a Shakespearean Reader. His world famous interpretations of characters, such as: Julius Caesar, Macbeth, King Lear, Romeo, and Hamlet leave him with few rivals and no equal in the art of character revelation. His last and most touching reading was Hamlet's "To be or not to be," which

long time had elapsed until my olfactory nerves were molested by the redolency of a near by confectionary. As I stepped around the corner, I beheld Francis Fleming, better known as Ruby, all dressed up in a real, genuine, up to date, A No. 1 chef's outfit selling popcorn in front of the police station.

The grinding of brakes, the deafen-

'27—in—'43

Cornelius Flynn, '29

'Twas on a bitterly cold, rainy, stormy, unsettled, disagreeable December evening in 1943 that I strolled dejectedly down upper Broadway. As I walked along at the moderate speed of about eighteen miles an hour, the cold wind nowled about my ears and great flakes of snow, about the size of golf balls, whirled about my head (which fact is not at all unusual around upper Broadway on a bitterly chilly, rainy, stormy, unsettled, disagreeable December evening—just try it yourself sometime and find out). Well, dear reader, as I ambled along, dressed in a cheap two hundred dollar suit, and looking for all the world like the big bum that I really am, I began to think of the good old days at St. Joe. Suddenly, and without warning, a thought struck me. To myself I said, "I wonder what my pals are doing now; are they happy, are they prosperous, or are they still the carefree fellows they used to be back in the old High School days? Gee, how I would like to get a line on them!" As I thus soliloquized, my reverie was rudely shattered by the clanging of a church bell, which tolled the mysterious hour of midnight. I shivered slightly and glanced apprehensively around. As I did so my attention was suddenly arrested by a glaring sign which hung in a nearby window. The sign read; "Madame Ikin Foolem—The Master Mind—She can (and is liable to) tell you anything! Pay us a call—we'll do the rest." Upon reading this sign I turned around and slapped myself heartily on the back. Another thought; an idea had struck me! The idea, dear reader, the idea simply was this: "Why not ask Madame Ikin Foolem what my old classmates are doing?" No sooner said than done! Exactly twenty-eight seconds later I was ushered into the august presence of Madame. I bowed low, scraping my proboscis on the rough cement floor, and straightened to find myself gazing into the prettiest pair of cross-eyes that I had ever seen. My eyes dropped from Madame's hypnotic ones to the great crystal ball which she clutched in her skinny, wart-covered hands. My heart gave a great leap as I recalled the purpose of my visit.

"Madame," I impulsively burst out,

"can you give me the low down on my old classmates?"

"Assuredly, seignior," she replied, "I'll tell you anything if you pay me enough." For answer I plunged my hand deep into my watch pocket and drew forth a number of coins, which I handed to her. She grasped the money greedily and pocketed it with an astonishing degree of celerity. She then gazed long and dopily into the depths of the crystal, and, after a moment's pause, she beckoned me to approach and gaze likewise. I did so, and gave a great bark at what I beheld.—The scene was the Sheriff's Office in Coldwater, Ohio. A number of dignified looking men (the town fathers most probably) were standing at attention and facing toward the center of the room, where the Governor of Ohio was administering the oath of office to a fine looking man, whom I, with some difficulty, recognized as Lamont Hoyng. Madame informed me that Tweet, because of the exceptional bravery he had shown during the recent capture of a desperate band of U. S. mail train robbers, had been rewarded by being elected sheriff of his home town. He was even now receiving the oath of office.

As Madame finished her narrative, the scene changed. A narrow street in Lorain, Ohio, (which I instantly recognized) was presented to my view. On the corner of this street, about in the middle of the block, was a small junk shop, at the front of which stood two handsome, powerfully built men, well over six feet tall, whom I immediately recognized as the Speed Bros., Inc. The Reichlins in the junk business! But it didn't seem so strange when I reflected that during our last year at St. Joe they had tried to get Ed Burns' picture for their photograph album. I guess the boys had a natural aptitude for collecting junk.

As I gazed once more into the crystal, I found that the scene had again changed. The interior of a fashionable men's tailoring shop was revealed to my astonished gaze. In the middle of the room, on a slowly revolving pedestal, surrounded by a frankly admiring circle of keen-eyed tailors, was the finest physical specimen of manhood I had ever seen. Madame told me that this was none other than my old friend Eddie Hen-

rich, who was collecting a fabulous salary posing as a model for men's clothing.

Once more the scene changed. This time a pretty little Indiana hamlet was reflected in the crystal. Because of the Brazil nut trees that flourished everywhere, I had no difficulty in recognizing this town as Brazil, Indiana. On the edge of the town was a mammoth factory, which made known its purpose by the broad sign which decorated the plate glass window of the ten story office building in the foreground. The sign read: "Wise buyers purchase their food stuffs at Burns' Cannery. We sell only home grown products. Mr. Heinz's only rival—we have 58 varieties."

Scarce had I finished perusing this sign when the scene again changed. Fort Recovery, Ohio, (this town I recognized by the way the people dressed) showed clear in the crystal. The priest's house was now revealed to my astonished gaze. On the porch sat a priest of stately mien, whom I recognized as my old pal, Heinie Alig. "Great guns," I cried, "Alig a priest!" And yet it didn't seem so surprising when I stopped to reflect upon the noble-charactered lad whom I had once known in High School. Still, I was rather taken aback.

My surprise was short-lived, for even as I stared, dumbfounded, the picture faded away and a new one was conjured up. The handsomely furnished office of the President of Marshal Fields' great clothing establishment was presented. In the spacious room sat two men of middle age, who were holding an animated conversation. Something familiar about their faces caused me to regard them closely. "Goodness," I cried, "can it be?" It was, dear reader, you might have guessed it. The two gentlemen were none other than Sylvester Moebs and John Modrijan, chums of my school days. Madame informed me that Johnny was managing an extensive chicken ranch in Texas. He had just taken a few days off for the purpose of making a trip to 'Chi' in his high powered airplane to visit his old friend, Syl, who was the newly elected President of Marshal Fields, Chicago's greatest clothing store. This startling news proved too great a shock for me. I fell into a deep swoon. The next morning I awoke as usual when Brother William rang the bell.



PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE



Winning Oration

Bernard O'Neill, '27

Trust-busting has always been a favorite sport in America, and at the beginning of the twentieth century, we, the United States, attempted to break up Europe's monopoly of 'Imperialism.' Under the aegis of The Monroe Doctrine we gradually extended our control over the Caribbean, and under the pressure of strategic necessity we established an American sphere of influence over the republic of Central America. But neither a Monroe Doctrine nor strategic necessity lead us into the Philippines in 1898. This, the most troublesome of our possessions, was acquired in a "fit of obscure mind." Nobody in this country thought of annexing the Philippines when the war with Spain broke out. But when the Philippines fell into our hands we were afraid to get rid of them. Add to this, my dear friends, the fact that we were afraid to grant independence to these islands, believing that they would fall into the hands of greedy powers, who at that time were scrambling for a foothold in China, and you have an explanation why the United States stayed in the Philippines until the present day.

Contrary to the opinion which long vindicated America's occupation of these islands, our policy has always kept in mind the ultimate termination of American control. In 1898 General Aguinaldo interpreted the statements of the Consul General at Singapore to mean, that if the Philippines supported the American forces in the campaign against Manila, immediate independence would be the reward. President Wilson later said, "Every step will be taken with a view towards independence of the islands and as a preparation for that independence."

If these things are so evident, why then has not America given the Filipino his independence? Why has America disregarded the solemn promise made to him? There is only one reason why so many Americans are now demanding that we cling to these islands, and that is, in order to advance the interests of a limited number of American business men. The American people as a whole, have derived no benefit from occupying the islands. They have not contributed a cent to the

American Treasury. The Philippines, on the contrary, have been a great expense to this country. We have sunk at least \$700,000,000 in military and naval expenditures arising out of our occupation of the Philippines. If this interest, because of commerce alone, were of any immediate advantage to the American people there might be a material reason why the United States should support all opposition to Philippine independence. But any trade carried on as it is today by the United States, which is under the closed door system, tends to monopolistic trade which means higher prices for the Philippines and the American people and all for the gain of a few business men.

The question that confronts us now, as loyal American citizens, is, "Are we going to permit a few business men, of this money mad America, to rule the destiny of a country to which we have already promised independence? Are we worthy of the name of a liberty-loving people who boast of Freedom and Democracy, and still keep another people in slavery merely for the interests of a few American gold diggers? This difficulty has lived into the very scene wherein is written our solemn word to give the Filipino his independence. That promise has kept the Filipino alive; has made him a law-abiding citizen; has made him ever hopeful; but for this very reason that he is forever looking forward to the day when he can cry out: "I am Free!"

Because we are a people living in a Democratic country, we have the right to form and express our opinions as we will. You have your opinion concerning the Philippine situation, an opinion, which may be very different from that of mine.

However, one thing I feel, is certain, and I believe you will agree, that the objection to the solution of the Philippine problem is many times outweighed by the necessity of clearing up a situation which will steadily grow worse—clearing it up through a means which will maintain the honor of the American people, will satisfy the wishes of the Filipinos, and at the same time will protect the legitimate interests of the outside world.

There is a day coming, when the defective principle upon which the present government of the Philippines is based must be changed. If independence is not forthcoming to the islands, then the United States must either cripple the present powers of the Philippine legislature, or give that legislature control over the administration of domestic affairs.

But you may ask me, "what is America's attitude now toward the Philippines? What are her intentions today?" My dear friends, America's intention now is the same as it was twenty-nine years ago—that of permanent retention. The Filipinos have become the slaves of America. After being freed from the tyrannical rule of Spain, America has held the Philippines for twenty-nine years in spite of her fine profession of peace and justice, and has failed to live up to that solemn promise she gave the Filipinos—to grant them independence. America's deceptive policy exposes her to the censure of the world's public opinion; we, as a liberty loving people, cannot help feeling a profound sympathy for the Filipinos who express indignation and great resentment at America's attitude. How long, my dear friends, is America going to live shrouded in this attitude? Is our congress too narrow-minded a body of men to realize that we have an obligation to the Filipinos that has not yet been fulfilled? Can our congress openly disregard this promise—a promise voted and passed upon in the Jones Bill of 1916?

This Bill, without a doubt, is a clear promise to the Filipinos to give them independence. There can be no question as to that. The only question that remains is, "shall we keep that promise?" Is America going to keep her promise? The Filipinos are anxiously awaiting the answer. Some of our American business men would have us repudiate that pledge forever by declaring for permanent retention. They would have us not only discard as a worn-out formula the principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, but they would do so in the face of a promise made by Congress to

(Continued on page 40)

DICKENS—THE NOVELIST

Prize Essay

Carl Longanbach, '28

As a mighty river, flowing into a lake, keeps the waters ever fresh by its torrent, so the works of Dickens flow out into the lake of fiction, flavoring the waters of that lake with a seasoning whose quality has never been surpassed. His works constitute the mightiest, the strongest, the richest of all the tributaries of fiction, and they will remain such until their current is overwhelmed by a mightier flood issuing from the fountains of human imagination.

At all times, the student of literature will instinctively note the descriptive abilities of Dickens. Every single work of the novelist contains such a nicety of description that a picture of events, places, and persons strikes the eye with the vividness of a motion-picture projector, flashing a story upon the screen. In "A Tale of Two Cities," the reader is taken back to the frightful days of the French Revolution, when London and all Europe watched and trembled lest their tottering thrones should fall. So clear a picture is portrayed of the capture of the Bastille, that the reader becomes a spectator. The key to Dickens' descriptive ability is the fact that he was an observer, a man who not only received a sensation when he saw an object, but also gained a vivid and lasting impression. He made stories out of incidents, and characters out of ordinary men. Although description is not the only and chief element of a novel, the power of Dickens in this field of composition exercises such a charm over us that his novels assume a certain character of realism; and Dickens is never so strong as when he produces real situations. Concerning the realism of Dickens, much has been written by critics. Some claim that he is an avowed realist while others maintain that he is a true romanticist. For the present, however, it can be said that while his books contain many realistic details, they never convey the impression of an offensive or gross realism.

In every fiber of his being, Dickens was a born actor. On an occasion of self-revelation, he professed that he had been "a writer when a mere baby, an actor always." By the painting of a wonderful storm scene in connection with Steerforth's story in "David Copperfield," he ad-

mirably manifests this dramatic instinct. As an actor, he seized every tense situation, every peculiarity of voice and gesture peculiar to people whom he saw, and reproduced them with precision. Due to his dramatic powers, "Dickens made every part of his books so amusing and alive that one can read the parts backward; one can fall in love with a girl in the tenth chapter, and then turn back to the first chapter to find out who she is. This is not chaos, it is eternity." Though Dickens had never acted professionally, yet he loved the glamour and applause of the stage with the same ardor as a child loves its first charming toy. As childhood longs for manhood, so he longed for the thrill of the footlights. Consequently, in writing his novels he visualized the situation, as if it were being enacted upon the stage, and as if he, himself, carried the leading role, influencing all other characters about him by his imagination.

A quality of character, which many men should have acquired but have failed to acquire, is humor. If Dickens is not a humorist, then a concept of humor does not exist. His novels are just brimming over with clean, rollicking fun. That the chapters and paragraphs in them do not fall awry from laughter seems almost a miracle. "A true humorist," maintains Chesterton, "writes about a man sitting down on his hat, because the act of sitting down on one's hat (however often and admirably performed) really is extremely funny. Although an eternal problem, it always presents new aspects." Dickens was a true humorist. No matter how commonplace or pathetic a thing might be, by a few ingenious twists, he can cause laughter where sorrow once reigned. Search where you will, there is nothing in literature so catching, so contagious, so sympathetic, and so congenial as Dickens' humor. It simply permeates one's entire being and inevitably evokes a spirit of good cheer. Like a blustering storm, humor can be ugly and satirical, but it also can be kind and hearty as the gentle rain. Mark Twain has filled his books with biting satire; the public, however, has interpreted it as humor, and ugly humor it is, at that. In every

novel of Dickens, there is a strain of kindness like the beautiful melodies of a violin in an orchestra, which give roundness, completeness, and beauty to the music.

The one great factor which contributes to the genius of Dickens is caricature, and caricature takes for granted, a high degree of intelligence. "Frank caricature," Alice Meynell once said, "is a better incident of art than mere exaggeration which is a more modern practice." No truer words have been spoken about Dickens by way of distinguishing him from the cohorts of modern novelists. "By his solemnity, Dickens commands us to love our neighbors. By his caricatures, he makes us love them." Consider Spike, Squeers, Uriah Heep, Fagin, Quilp, and Bill Sykes, and note that such a motley array of caricatures has never been created before. By the creation of caricatures rather than characters, Dickens achieved popularity and success, though in general it must be conceded that the portrayal of character should be the aim of every novelist.

To be great does not mean to be perfect. Although great, Dickens has written some uncommonly bad novels. At times, his English is not at all artistic, but its constructions often make a far better appeal than do those of Thackeray. If Dickens never failed in any other phase of his art, he certainly failed when he tried to express pathos. "His humor was inspiration, but his pathos was ambition." To make grief and sorrow real, it is absolutely necessary to express them as things fine and delicate, because they are so sacred and so private. In his "Criticisms and Appreciations of the Works of Charles Dickens," Chesterton aptly remarks: "Sorrow is not expansive; and it was afterwards the mistake of Dickens that he tried to make it expansive. It is the one great weakness of Dickens as a great writer, that he tried to make that sudden sadness, that abrupt pity, which we call pathos, a thing quite obvious, infectious and public as if it were journalism or the measles." He tried it, when he had Little Nell die, and somehow we know he failed.

"If pleasing the public," writes Long, "be in itself an art, then Dickens is one of our greatest artists." In every effort Dickens strove to please the public with the same eagerness as a host strives to please his guest. As a reporter, he acquired

(Continued on page 23.)



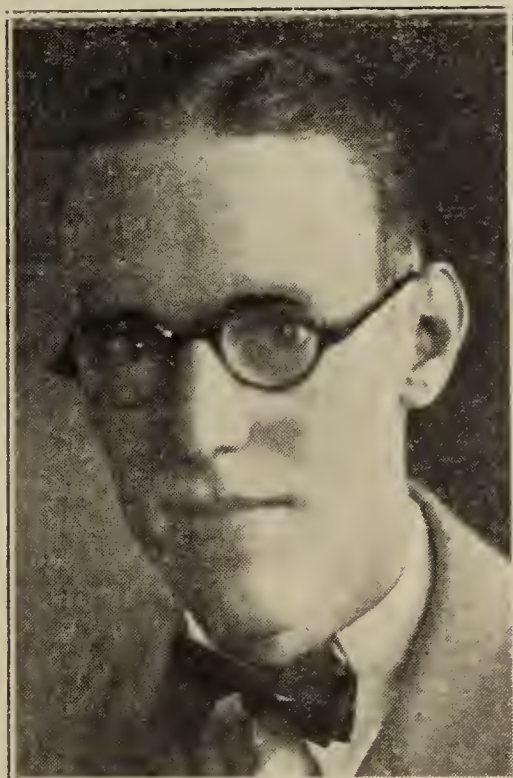
WILLIAM FRIEMOTH



WILLIAM NEIDERT

The Cheer

1926



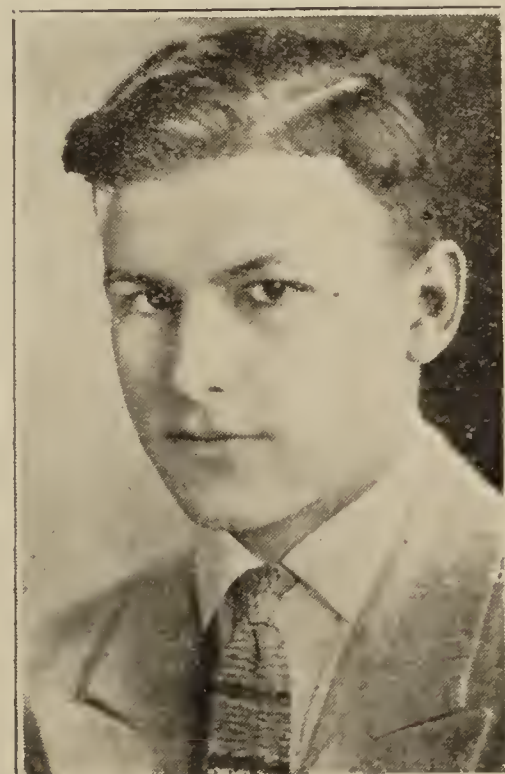
MARTIN KENNEY

1927



CLARENCE ISSENMANN

Staff



ALFRED ZANOLAR

College Last Will and Testament

Bernard O'Neill, '27
Cletus Foltz, '27

We, the graduates of 1927 of St. Joe, Collegeville, county of Jasper, state of Indiana, being of sound mind, charitable of disposition, and free of will, do hereby make and declare this, our last will and testament. As Executor we hereby name Peter Heimes without bond. To him are entrusted our last bequests for distribution to the assignees and to their posterity forever.

Whereas, the term committed to us has expired, and as we are about to leave our Alma Mater, we hereby bequeath to those concerned any indebtedness which we might have incurred during our prolonged, yet agreeable term at this noted institution of learning.

ITEM: To the Fifth class we leave as inheritance our third quarterly Religion notes, desiring that said Fifth class improve them to the best of their ability.

ITEM: We bequeath our desks, note books, paper scraps, pencils, and such trash to the institution to be disposed of according to the best wishes of the Executor.

ITEM: The Senior, John Brenner, desires his seniorship to go to Virgil Metzger. His stock in the Candy Store to Stanislaus Kasper, together with his energetic interest in the missions. The Senior's ability to sleep in class he bequeaths to Bill Meyer. His ability to 'lose ponies,' and to make himself heard above everyone else wherever he is present, he wishes Harold Diller to possess. Because Brenner, through his long duration here, has acquired the senior position among spooners, he at first desired to take this achievement with him, but realizing that spooning at St. Joe without Brenner would be impossible, he finally decided to bequeath this ability to Bill Koehn.

ITEM: To Donald De Mars, does Eugene Wuest bequeath his horde of Snappy Stories and Photoplays; his comeliness and athletic abilities he gives to Chas. Magsam; his tendency to obey the corridor rules to his brother Carl. Harold Diller is to inherit Eugene's love for study, together with his speedy fleet of Shetland ponies.

ITEM: To Boss Hartmann, Clarence Issenmann bequeaths his ability as a leader, desiring him to use it only in connection with his class work.

His high average Issenmann wills to Druffel. Due to Issenmann's untold fancy for Louis Duray he desires Louis to possess his abilities both in athletics and in studies.

ITEM: To Cornelius Heringhaus is given Joe Green's jerk with the Juniors; Roman Lochotzki is to inherit Joe's graceful poise and his unique sneeze; his handshaking abilities Joe condescendingly bequeaths to Urban Siegrist; his rusty Gillette razor is given to Tommy Rieman.

ITEM: Fred Westendorf bequeaths to Robert Koch his entire library on stagecraft, together with his facility in handling stage work. His hearty laugh he at first desired Andy Fecher to receive, but since both are leaving St. Joe, he bequeaths it to Joe Shenk. Fred's oratorical and dramatic ability, as well as his athletic ability he desires Horse Martin to possess in the form of a continual correspondence.

ITEM: To John Stroempl, Julius Fecher bequeaths his ability to gesture; his appetite for Sauer Kraut to Mark Kelly; and to Harold Diller his solos in the choir. Wilfred Druffel shall succeed him as chief sheet musician in the south dormitory.

ITEM: Albert Frericks will receive much consolation in knowing that the deaconship of Cletus Gates is to be assigned to him. Gates' ability to place Norwalk on the map, as well as his ability to read out loud and to laugh heartily at his own jokes during free time in the study hall, he freely bequeaths to Anthony Voigus.

ITEM: Ernest Gallagher, our sacristan, bequeaths his superabundant knowledge of liturgical rubrics to Killian Dreiling; to Ed Charek, his house slippers and pencil sharpener; his Irish temper Gallagher transmits to Julius Frenzer. Benedict Elder shall succeed him as all around janitor.

ITEM: Matthew Amato bequeaths his greatest fortune, that being his beard, to Fuzzy Uhraue. Of his wonderful faculties of mind, "How to Study, and How to Get the Grades," Matthew desires Cy Lauer to have full control. His smirking habits Amato wills to Joe Norton. To Sid Heringhaus he wishes to leave his chemical abilities. Mark Kelly will receive his accurate basketball ability.

ITEM: Joseph Scharrer wills his manly physique to Jerome Wolf; to Clarence Weiker, Scharrer leaves his innate love for fresh air and his library on calisthenics; Julius Frenzer is to inherit his athletic abilities and his Roberts' Rules of Order.

ITEM: Thomas Coleman, possessing a great talent for singing and a great habit of borrowing tobacco, wishes these two qualities to be divided respectively between Al Frericks and C. J. Weiker. Coleman's ability to represent feminine roles he wills to Gerald Kramer, and he makes mention to the effect that he wishes the aforesaid to have control of all his earthly possessions with one exception, that being his quick and accurate ability to obtain brown bread before others do so at the table. This he leaves to the senior refectory.

ITEM: William Neidert bequeaths his degree in Manual Training to Boss Elder; his passionate craving for mint to Thomas Grotenrath; his job as choir director to Roman Miesler; his stentorian voice to Doc Metzger; his horticulturist inclinations to Bob Neumeyer.

ITEM: As inheritance Paul Galliger bequeaths to Chester Kruczek his characteristic two-fingered gesture, together with his old left-handed baseball mitt, as an heirloom. To Bernard Booms he wills his cheap six dollar tennis racket, the one Patsy now realizes "he got gypped on." His horsehoe pitching championship, together with his heavy and manly beard, he assigns to Julius Frenzer.

ITEM: To Kenneth Moore, Clete Foltz wills his talent for artistic pointing and sketching; his ability to pitch horseshoes, to Garrison Jim, the night watchman. Foltz's vacancy in the second tenor section of the choir is to be filled by Julian Koesters; while Killian Dreiling is to receive his old baseball glove. To Thomas Durkin, go all of Clete's old pipes and also his proficiency in governing the Raleigh Club smokers. Julius Frenzer succeeds him as chief steward in the equine department, while Pete Billinger is sole heir to whatever else remains, such as his empty sheik oil bottles and his graceful disposition.

ITEM: All the Irishness that his name implies, together with his histrionic ability, Bernard O'Neill bequeaths to Anthony Thoben. His expertness in divers sports he leaves to Seraphim Widman; while he desires Cy Lauer and Ferd Evans to

receive his studiousness and his ability to lose pies, respectively. His Irish wit and rashness he assigns jointly to Nicholas Capra and to Cajetan Di Georgic.

ITEM: To Killian Dreiling, Francis Uecker bequeaths his craving for Beech Nut; to Joe Reitz his spleen and curly locks; Julian Koesters is to inherit his pitching (?) abilities; while Henry Abela is to inherit his plastic 'nasal tube and otherwise complexion.'

ITEM: Being of a sorrowful disposition, Paul Russell, with reluctance, places in the hands of C. J. Weiker his senatorial strut. To Urban Siegrist his "HOT SOX." His heavy black and matty beard he bequeaths to Anthony Thoben. Carlos Daele receives Russell's abilities as a pool shark. All plugging and early rising methods, together with ponies, etc., Russ leaves to the Senior Study Hall.

ITEM: To Joseph Hartmann, Norbert Gerlach wills his oratorical powers; Carlos Daele will receive his "Future Food Supply"; to Carl Gates, Gerlach leaves his circumference; his eagerness and ability to work goes to Bob Neumeyer.

ITEM: Francis Fleming bequeaths his office as head spud peeler to Casper Heiman; Fleming's vocal abilities he cheerfully bestows on Dan Brown; to the American Book Co. he transmits his old Chemistry books, together with all his newly discovered compounds. Fleming's 'one' in application is inherited by Emil Meyer.

ITEM: His superfluous avoirdupois Wm. Friemoth wills to Joseph Gibson, and, ironically speaking, he assigns to Pete Billinger whatever ability he may possess in the handling of sarcasm and satire. Friemoth's uncanny ability to win pies, especially from a certain member of the Senior class, he wills to Ed Siegman.

ITEM: Frank Laudick bequeaths his rosy complexion to Seraphim Widman; his musical abilities to Wm. Meyer; Al Frericks is to inherit his haling abilities, together with an old tobacco pouch. Laudick's slender form goes to Stanny Kasper; his shower baths received from Doothey Green's unique sneeze are given to Wendelin Dreiling.

ITEM: To Fritz Cardinali, Alfred Zanolar wills his surplus supply of lemon soap and bleaching cream; to Emil Meyer his vast knowledge of Chemistry; and to Virgil Metzger his sweet disposition. Zanolar's early rising habit is given exclusively to

Leonard Connor; while his fair complexion he desires Anthony Vogus to possess.

ITEM: As inheritance Kenneth Hans desires Evaristus Olberding to receive his great height. To Clete Kern he freely gives all his curling irons and his ability to stand for hours in front of the Candy Store and smirk. Stubby's characteristic T's he leaves to the C. L. S. to be guarded and sponsored by the Rev. Director.

ITEM: Gregory Gobel gives his athletic figure and pitching abilities to Thomas Grotenrath; his dramatic powers and his appetite for spuds. Dick Smith and Bernard Hartlage will receive, respectively. Gobel's library on "How to Pitch" is given to Tommy Harris; while his old Chemistry averages he bequeaths to James Conroy.

ITEM: To Arthur Schmit, Wm. Stecker leaves, undiminished, his efficiency as a public orator; to Joe Reitz his ability to roll the tennis courts and to shoot pool; all medical attention after Stecker's departure will be administered by Mike Van-echo.

ITEM: Herbert Kramer bestows his old Radio upon Howard Steckbeck; his vast erudition in the languages to Gracie Thoben; his six feet to Marty Draths. Kramer's manly beard goes to Paul Uhrhane; while his ability to dust off books will be received by Joseph Dayberry.

ITEM: Michael Sabo leaves to Peter Heimes his secret plugging process for Greek; to Schumann his ability to hand out water at the table. In the form of a special inheritance he bequeaths all his baby talk and manners to Alfred Halker. Mike's shrewdness in buying pipes, in which he will have no further practice, he leaves to a most special friend.

In order to make this document clear, but not personal, and to avoid any legal action after the removal of our bodies, we the class of '27, through our witnesses, do hereunto place our individual hand.

Attorneys at Law.

Bernard O'Neill.

Cletus Foltz.

Witnesses:

Paul M. Russell.

Julius Fecher.

(Seal)

"He's done me wrong," said the Algebra problem when Bugs Fries was finished with his exam.

"Are you a college man?"

"No, I'm wearing these clothes because I lost a bet."

DICKENS—THE NOVELIST.

(Continued from page 20)

a racy newspaper style, a style which always pleases. With its noisy crowds. Dickens loved London, not the London of knights and ladies and all the display of nobility but the London of the common people—the London of waifs, of the unfortunate, of the poor. Here, we may fittingly set down the key-note of Dickens' life, the secret of his success. Charles Dickens lived and died with the common people, and his great love for humanity pervades all his works, which makes him not an author of a certain period, but an author of all times.

Pickwick, Dickens' first novel, is the nucleus of all his subsequent works. "It will always be remembered as the great example of everything that Dickens made great; of the solemn conviviality of great friendships, of the erratic adventures on old English roads, of the hospitality of old English inns, of the great fundamental kindness and honour of old English manners." An American author, Irving, has made his reputation by his accounts of England and of English institutions, but he has not succeeded, like Dickens has, in portraying the spirit of England.

"Dickens, whom many consider to be at best a vulgar enthusiast, saw the coming change in society, much more soberly and scientifically than did his better educated and more pretentious contemporaries." Thackeray lost himself in the forests of Classicism, but Dickens has done more,—he has remained on the open plain of Modernism. That freshness and youthfulness so characteristic of his works is the perpetual aurora of his fame and the crowning glory of his life. With sturdiness and youthful determination, Dickens has blazed the trail up the steep mountain of fiction, reaching a height which no other novelist has ever attained. Surrounded by a bright light in the hall of fame, we see engraved in golden letters the name of one who loved humanity—Charles Dickens, the Novelist.

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SPORTS



Issy, '27

Sid, '28

Cubs—Undefeated Junior Champs

Crawfordsville Beats Out Juniors 7-5

Standing.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Cubs	4	0	1.000
Bruins	2	2	.500
Lucky Strikes	2	2	.500
Orioles	1	3	.250
Owls	1	3	.250

Defeating the Lucky Strikes, 2-0, in their last scheduled game, the Cubs cinched the Junior League pennant. Boeke, twirling for the Lucky Strikes, pitched ball that ordinarily would have won, while Pax played the keystone sack well. Makovec, however, was hurling in big league style, and, with the rest of the Cubs playing errorless ball, the two-run lead was sufficient for victory. Kreinbrink, behind the bat, and Schreiner, on first, also showed up well for the new champs.

After four innings of pitchers' duel, the Bruins jumped on Boeke and before they laid down their bats they had sent nine men over the rubber, more than enough to beat the Lucky Strikes, 10-2. Until the fatal fifth frame, the losers had nicked Horstman for two markers, and were ahead by one run. McGaharan and Horstman led the Bruins' attack, each collecting two hits and two runs.

The champion Cubs smothered the Orioles under a barrage of hits and runs from the very first inning, and trounced the Orioles, 11-1. While Ott, Schreiner, and Kreinbrink were using their bats to good advantage, Makovec held the enemy to one hit and one run, both of which were collected by Pastorek, the first man to bat against Makovec in this game.

After losing their first game, the Owls came back strong against the Bruins, and won, 12-2. A. Halker, Bucher, and Greenwell led the scoring machine of the Owls, the trio crossing the platter seven times. The winners' twelve runs were scored on four hits and ten walks. Horstman, on the mound for the Bruins, seemed unable to locate the plate, although he fanned eight men in four innings. Vidmar and McGaharan, at short and first, played good ball in the field.

In a closely contested game, the Lucky Strikes nosed out the Orioles, 5-4. After allowing four runs in the

opening frame, Boeke pitched airtight ball throughout the remaining sessions. Erratic playing behind Senzig's pitching helped the Strikes to amass a few markers until, with the score tie, Blommer clouted the ball into left field for a home run and the winning tally.

The winning Cubs added another victory to their collection by defeating the Bruins, 12-9. The losers did all their scoring in the first three innings, counting six times in the opening frame alone. Three big innings also did the winners have, scoring three runs in the third, four in the fourth, and the winning trio in the eighth. For the Cubs, Makovec, with eighteen strikeouts, together with Gibson and Ott, was the leading hitter; Horstman, twirling for the Bruins, fanned fourteen batters, while Vidmar and Jasinski gave him good support.

A six run batting spree in the second inning gave the Orioles a lead sufficient to triumph over the Owls, 8-4. Senzig, Homsey, Wirtz, and Mitchell were the mighty wielders of the stick for the winners, while Draths, J. Meyer, and Popham starred for the Owls.

The Bruins and Owls staged a five inning contest which the former team won, 12-10. In the second session, after the Owls had made six runs, the Bruins staged a rally that netted five runs, and in succeeding innings they forged to the front. Pete Senzig was the star for the losers; in the fifth inning, after he had doubled, he stole third and home. Vidmar, Joubert, and Horstman, who had an even dozen strikeouts, were materially responsible for the Bruins' victory.

In the last game, the Lucky Strikes completely swamped the Owls, 17-3. Gengler and Blommer each collected four hits in five trips to the plate, and, with Kennedy, were the leading scorers; while Popham showed up best for the Owls.

It might be all right to live in these modern times, but just think of all the history we would have been free from if we had lived several centuries ago.

Two big innings, the first and the seventh, during which they each time scored a trio of runs, was enough for Crawfordsville to hand St. Joe's Juniors a 7-5 defeat. The entire game was exciting, very interesting, and exceptionally well played. The visitors jumped into the lead—from which they were never headed—in the very first inning when a walk and four hits, one a triple, netted three runs. Each team added a run, and the score stood 4-1 until the seventh. In their half, the visitors again scored thrice on a walk, and on a wild pitch by Makovec, and on two hits. Then in that famous seventh, the Juniors enjoyed their biggest inning. Six hits gave them three runs, and though they added another score in the eighth, the Juniors could not rally sufficiently strong to push over the other markers necessary for victory.

Devitt and J. McKeon were the Babe Ruths for Crawfordsville, while Kelly starred both at bat and in the field. He put up a wonderful brand of ball at short for the visitors.

The home team outhit Crawfordsville, but could not push the runs over that were needed. Bauman, Vidmar, R. Halker, and Horstman, who also scored two runs, cut in with two hits apiece and were the most effective wielders of the ash against the offerings of Schreiner.

Line-up.

Crawfordsville	Juniors
Gleason.....rf.....	Bauman
	Lefko
J. McKeon.....cf.....	Draths
	Kramer, G.
P. McKeon.....lf.....	Krapf
Maloney.....3b.....	Halker, R.
	Makovec
Kelly.....ss.....	Vidmar
Finan.....2b.....	Senzig
Devitt.....1b.....	McGaharan
Miller.....c.....	Kreinbrink
Schreiner.....p.....	Horstman

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Crawf'ds ville	3	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	7	9	6
Juniors	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	1	0	5	12	1

Billinger—"I wish that I had beautiful curls like someone I know.

Huzvar—"Thanks for the compliment."

Alumni Team Trails
Varsity, 7-3

Once more the annual St. Joe-Alumni fracas ended with the Alma Mater leading; this time, by a 7-3 score. With the vast stadium thronged to the very last tier of seats with enthusiastic rooters, the umpires called the game. The Alumni team, made up of former diamond stars imported for the occasion, ambled upon the diamond and persisted in taking the field. Whereupon, the team of the younger generation, despairing of any chance to teach their older brethren even the most rudimentary principles of the game, took up their war clubs, and, before the Alumni representatives had found in what part of the field the bases were located, scored six times on three walks, two hits, and an error.

The game then proceeded most peacefully and uninterruptedly for the better part of two innings. In the third frame, the old boys found two hits in their bats, which, coupled with a walk and a sacrifice hit, netted the Alumni three runs—the first and only scores of the game for the old grads.

But youth was not to be discouraged; the varsity renewed the attack of the first inning and shoved over one run in the fourth, before they quit for the day. At the end of three and a half innings, the game was stopped because of the approaching hour for dinner. Thus, it is that the outcome of the game remains very much in the dark. The Alumni, as usual, claim the game by forfeit; the students, because the score is in their favor. Some even may say that both sides won. But since the writer is as yet a student while he writes this, he maintains firmly that the present generation came out on top. So be it!

Both Greg Gobel, hurling for the varsity, and Dieter, doing mound duty for the Alumni, twirled nice ball, with Greg having the edge on control and better support. The bad first inning proved the death blow to the hopes of the old grads, for after that opening frame, the Alumni showed a complete reversal of form.

Line-up.

St. Joe	Alumni
Wolf.....cf.....	Lauer
Fecher.....rf.....	Fitzgerald
M. Dreiling	
Uecker.....lf.....	Wonderly
Hartke	
Herod.....3b.....	Ehrman

1000 PER CENT THIRDS COP ACK RAG

Standing.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Thirds	3	0	1.000
Fourths	2	1	.667
Seconds	1	2	.333
College	0	3	.000

The Thirds fought their way to an 8 to 7 victory over the College in the final Ack game, and thereby made themselves the 1,000 percent champs of the Ack circuit. In this game, which was fiercely fought to the last inning, the College outthit the Thirds, but the champs played a better game of ball in the field, and they took advantage of all breaks to score their runs. The Thirds led by one run for six in-

ners were Zanolar, Reitz, and Mag-sam.

The Thirds won their second game by defeating the Fourths, 10-8. In the third frame of the game, the driving Thirds chalked up six runs of their ten. The Fourths rallied in the fifth and sixth innings, and added four more runs to their previous four, but they were unable to push over the three runs necessary to win. For the winners Uhrich pitched a good game, while Kraus and Grot backed him up in creditable style. Booms, Bennett, and Abela were the big guns for the Fourths.

After running neck and neck for eight innings, the Seconds forged



nings, but in the seventh frame the College boys shoved the tying run over the plate. In the last half of the eighth, Grot walked, stole second and third, and came home with the winning run on an error by Coleman. Uhrich twirled in good form, while Grot, Kraus, and J. Connor afforded him some very fine support. For the College nine, Coleman and Reitz led in hitting and fielding. Patsy Galliger did some excellent mound work throughout the entire game.

In a closely contested game the Fourths nosed out the College team by the score of 9 to 8. After piling up six runs in the opening frames of the game, the College succumbed to the crushing attack of the Fourths, who chalked up the tying and winning runs in the final inning. O. Missler, Knapke, and Flynn showed regular baseball ability in fielding and batting for the Fourths. Performing in good fashion for the

ahead and defeated the College team, 7-6. The College boys shoved two runs over the plate in the ninth, but could not garner two more runs for a victory. The Seconds, with Peck leading the attack with seventeen strikeouts, played good baseball throughout the entire game. Gibbons, pitching for the College, had thirteen strikeouts to his credit, and he allowed but seven hits. In fielding and hitting for the winners, Cross and B. Dreiling were the high lights, while Coleman, Zanolar, and Galliger performed in good fashion for the College team.

With a defeat chalked against them, the Fourths came back strong and won from the Seconds, 4-1. The Seconds secured their lone tally in the second inning. By bunching their hits in the fourth and fifth innings of the game, the Fourths sent four runners over the plate. Ed Guillozet, Flynn, and O. Missler led the Fourths in hitting and fielding. Koesters pitched a good game of ball for the winners. For the Seconds, Peck hurled in fine fashion, while B. Dreiling, Zarrett, and Strasser showed up good in the field.

Heiman.....ss.....	Lear
Gerlach.....2b.....	Bauer
Neidert.....1b.....	Forche
Alig.....c.....	O'Fallon
Gobel.....p.....	Dieter

SIXTHS—THIRDS TIE IN SENIOR LEAGUE RACE

Post Schedule Game Is Necessary to Decide the Championship.

STANDING			
	W.	L.	Pct.
Sixths	3	1	750
Thirds	3	1	750
Fifths	2	2	500
Fourths	2	2	500
Seconds	0	4	000

When the league's last contest was over,

And the bases were put away;
When the scores had been counted and figured,

The manager gazed in dismay;
For there were two teams in a tie,
One with the other, you see;
And a game will be played to decide
Of the two, who'll the conqueror be.

And that is no poem; for at the top of the Senior circuit, with three victories and one defeat apiece, are the Sixths and Thirds. The Sixths by eliminating the Fourths, and the

pect a game with every bit of the fight and tussle of the previous encounter in it.

FIFTHS AND SECONDS STAGE 14—10 SLUGFEST

In a free hitting game, the joy of the fan who delights to see slugging, the Fifths defeated the Seconds 14—10. The weather man presented the players with a cold, drizzling forenoon, and this condition of the weather, no doubt, partly accounted for the great amount of base running. The pitchers could do nothing with the wet ball and, as a consequence, both teams used the hit-and-run system of play. The hitting features of the day were home run drives to left center by Bill Meyer, in the opening frame, and by Sheeran, the Seconds' slugging backstop, in the fifth inning. By scoring in every inning—in the third session

Seconds' attack.

HOYNG-BARGE LOSE 1-0 NO HIT GAME

The Thirds administered to the dangerous Fourths their first setback of the season by defeating them, 1-0. The only score of the game came in the third inning when Weiner reached first on an error, went to second on a passed ball, stole third, and on Heil's sacrifice crossed the plate with the winning run. The entire contest was a pitchers' battle from beginning to end; Hoyng and Barge allowed not a single hit, while Sal Dreiling yielded only two bingles to the Fourths. For the Thirds, Krupa and Herod let nothing through their side of the infield, and Wen Billinger added color to the game by a circus catch in center field. Hartke, Schill, and Henrich gave Hoyng excellent support and played an air tight fielding game.



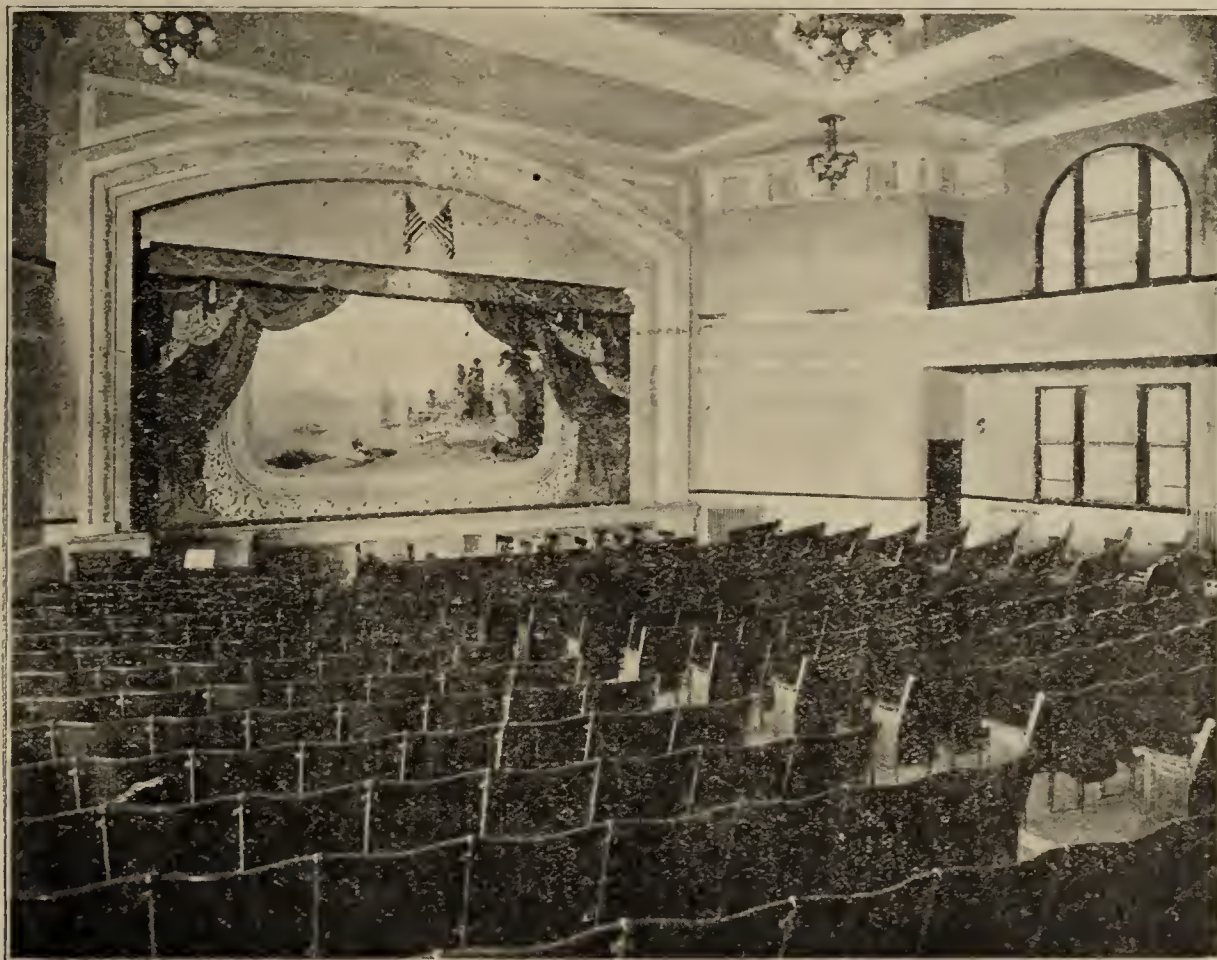
Thirds by doing likewise to the Fifths, entered into a deadlock as to who should occupy the front rank.

The coming game will be the second encounter between these two teams. When the Sixths and Thirds met during the regular season, the former team won, but only after a desperate struggle. For six innings the game was a no-hit contest and a pitchers' battie between Greg Gobel and Sal Dreiling. These two pitchers, in all probability, will do the hurling in this deciding tilt, and the rooters have every reason to ex-

seven times—the Fifths amassed a lead which the Seconds were unable to top. In the fourth inning a rally netted four runs for the Seconds, who came back in the fifth frame with another batting spree, only to have this latter rally come to naught after five runs crossed the plate. Carl Wuest and Stock did mound duty for the Seconds, while Frenzer and Emil Meyer twirled for the Fifths. In hitting and fielding Bill Meyer, Heiman, and Druffel led the Fifths, and Sheeran, Tatar, and Duray carried the burden of the

FIFTHS BREAK SIXTHS' RECORD

In a close and exciting game the Fifths set down the league leading Sixths, 3-1, thereby making the flag-race a four team affair. The Sixths' only score came in the second inning when O'Neill crossed the plate. The count, however, was evened in the next session when Connor came home with the Fifths' first run. Both teams played scoreless ball until the sixth frame when Bill Meyer singled, sending Heiman and Druffel over the plate with the winning runs. The Sixths threatened to score repeatedly



But with men on bases, they lacked the punch to bring the runners home. Bill Meyer was a thorn in the Sixths' side, for besides collecting two hits, he, with Heiman and Frenzer, backed Connor in excellent style. Gobel, beyond the one bad inning, pitched like a veteran and was ably supported in the field by Neidert, Gerlach, and Foltz, who cut off one hit by making a running catch of Wolf's short fly in right field.

BARGE STARS AS FOURTHS DEFEAT SECONDS, 5-1

Allowing the Seconds but one hit and one run in five innings, Barge pitched the Fourths to a 5-1 victory. Besides pitching an excellent game he wielded the ash pole very effectively, getting two hits in three trips to the plate, and scoring every time he was at bat. Linnenberger also cut in with a two base drive, the longest hit of the day. For the Seconds, Duray, Tatar, and Sheeran played a fine fielding game, while Cardinali showed speed on the paths.

THIRDS SHUT OUT FIFTHS, 11-0

The Thirds eliminated the Fifths from the ranks of the pennant contenders by shutting them out, 11-0. From the very first inning, in which they scored four runs, the Thirds acquired a lead that was never overcome. Sal Dreiling was in tip-top shape, and allowed the Fifths only

one hit, besides causing thirteen of the enemy to fan the breeze. At bat, too, Sal helped himself to two triples and scored three runs in four times up, while Anderson contributed a nice fielding game at first base, besides coming through with a timely hit in the first inning. A double play, Hartmann to Bill Meyer, then to Emil Meyer, was the fielding feature of the game. With Herod on first, Freund laced a line drive into right field. Hartmann took the ball on the bounce and returned it to first in time to retire Freund, and Bill Meyer's peg beat Herod to second, thereby completing the double play. The first serious mishap of the season occurred in this game when Sherk, the Fifths' second baseman, sliding home in the sixth inning, snapped a small bone in his ankle and had to be removed from the game.

SIXTHS WIN 1-0 PITCHERS' DUEL

The Sixths destroyed all the pennant winning hopes of the Fourths by winning from them 1-0. This game, possibly one of the best of the season, called on both teams for errorless playing. By bunching three hits in the seventh frame, the Sixths squeezed the winning run over the plate. The Fourths, with the head of the batting list up, could do nothing in their final inning. Gerlach, Neidert, and O'Neill

were the big guns in the Sixths' offense, while Uecker and Issenmann showed up good in the outfield. For the Fourths, Hoyug, with twelve strikeouts, Alig, Matthews, and Barge starred.

THIRDS DOWN SECONDS, 13-4

Decoration Day morning witnessed the playing of the last scheduled Senior League game—that of the Thirds against the Seconds, which ended in a 13-4 victory for the Thirds. By this win, the Thirds went into a tie for first place with the Sixths, thus necessitating the playing of an extra game in order to decide the championship.

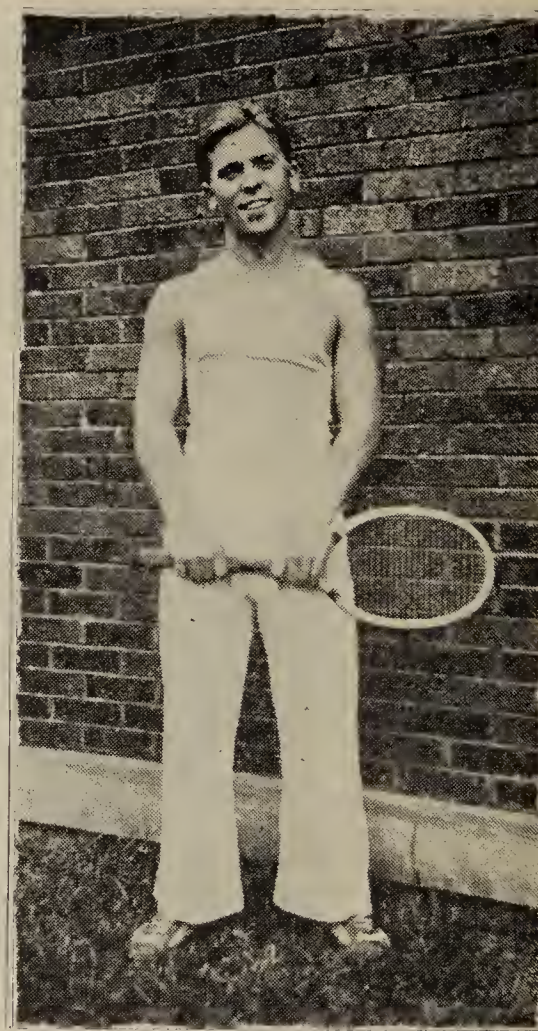
In the very first inning the winners garnered three runs off of Stock on a hit, a walk, and two errors. The Seconds in their half jumped on Freund at the very outset, and scored four runs before the side was retired. Sal Dreiling then took up the pitching burden for the Thirds and held the enemy scoreless for the remainder of the game, while his teammates were scoring ten more runs to make the game safe.

Krupa thrilled the fans with a four base hit in the sixth inning, only to sprain his ankle as he slid onto the plate. For the Seconds, Schindler and Stock, besides fielding their positions well, did most of the stick work.



WILLIAM GIBBONS
Junior Manager

*St. Joe's
Student
Managers
of
Athletics*

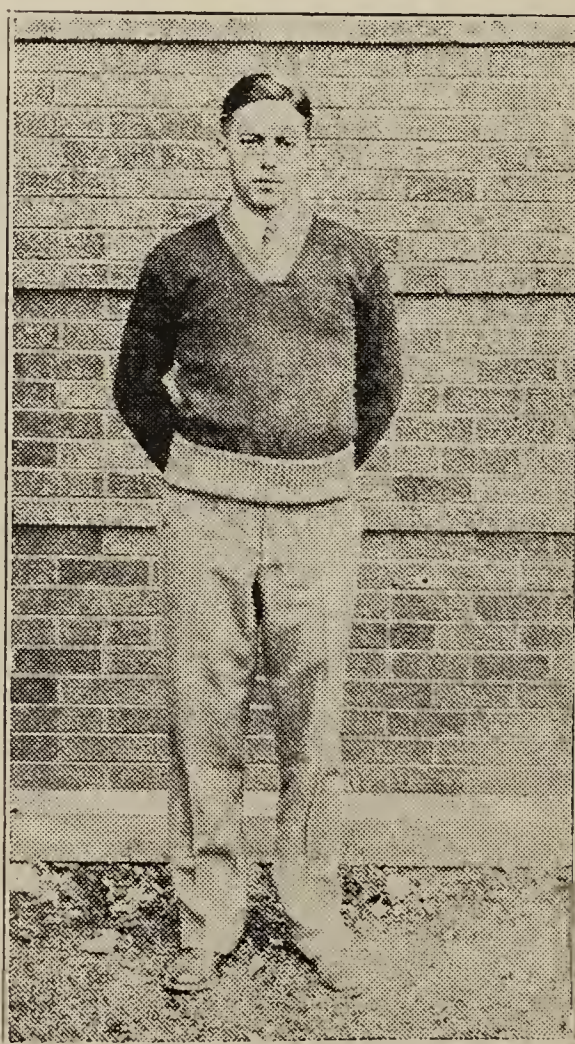


CYRIL LAUER
Tennis Manager



Upon the broad shoulders of the gentleman pictured here, rests the burden of providing ample outlet for the athletic energy of the student body. Together with the Faculty Director of Athletics, Fr. Koenn, these three managers are responsible for the organization of the leagues and tournaments in the various sports. This year, though it may have been crowded with athletic activities at times, has been one of the most successful and most interesting sport years enjoyed by the inter-mural teams at St. Joe.

The Senior League football championship was decided only in the last thirty seconds of play; the title of Senior basketball champs hung in the balance until the last minute; and in baseball an extra game was necessary to decide the diamond victors. The pennant of the Junior



CORNELIUS HERINGHAUS
General Manager



football League was decided only by a post season game, and the same thing occurred in the Midget basketball loop.

Since winter's grip has broken, the tennis manager has kept himself busy, supervising a very successful net tournament which has awakened more interest in the outdoor court game than had been shown for some time.

Inclement weather spoiled many opportunities for play, but all the leagues were completed long before the curtain was rung down on a most successful year. Two of the present managers will be at St. Joe again next year, and the best wish that can be tendered them is, that athletics at St. Joe next year will enjoy even a more successful round than the past sport seasons have proved to be.

Fourths Feast High School Grads

The Raleigh Smoking Club underwent a miraculous change on Memorial Day afternoon when the members of the Fourth Year Class congregated in that renowned and renovated "smokorium" to give the grads of their class a farewell. The Club had been transformed into a veritable fairyland by the Entertainment Committee. The walls were covered with a profusion of green and gold ribbons (the class colors), while class pennants decorated and beautified the walls. Places were set for fifty men, but the "feed committee" (with marvelous foresight) had made ample provisions for twice that number. Incumbent upon Thomas Patrick—"Uncle Tom"—Corcoran were the arduous duties of toastmaster. Tom, notwithstanding his official burdens, managed to eat as much as anyone else. After the dinner was over, the smokes were passed around, and the program, a fine one in every respect, began. Farewell addresses by the grads composed the most popular feature of the program. The Red and Purple Melody Boys livened things up considerably by their rollicking rendition of several very entertaining musical numbers. The scene was a gay and festive one—yet tinged with sadness, because for us, the remaining members of the Fourth class, this meant taking leave of the High School grads. However, we gave them a send-off that they, or we, or anyone else fortunate enough to have been there, will never forget. "Uncle Tom" summed it all up in this beautiful verse:

Lest auld acquaintance be forgot
Wherever you may be,
Remember what a good old time
we had
At the Fourth Year Jubilee!
—Cornelius Flynn, '29.

Guide (to visitor in the Ford factory)—"Do you know that if that man missed a day of work, 2263 Fords would leave this factory without springs?"

Visitor—"My, but he really must have been sick a lot."

Someone (this summer)—"How did you like the Cheer work?"

Issy—"Oh, it was all 'write'."

Stubby Hans maintains that great men are born in Mansfield. We are just as firmly convinced that only babies are born there.

"Double Crossed" Huge Success

Applause more hearty and more voluminous has rarely ever greeted any dramatic or musical feature given in St. Joe's auditorium, than that which filled the air during the presentation of the operetta, "Double-Crossed," on the evening of May twentieth. The venture, for such it really was, proved to be successful beyond expectation. Flaws, indeed there were, due partly to limited practice and partly to inexperience, but defects were readily forgotten in the general excellence of the presentation.

Both solos and choruses were well rendered. Among the latter the introductions and finales were especially pleasing. Both the setting-up drill in the first act, and the march in the second were cleverly executed. Of particular merit were the solos given by Joseph Norton, as Stuart, William Neidert, as Flounder, Robert Koch, as the chef, and Joseph Scharrer, as Lewis. Common opinion pronounces Ed Charek's portrayal of Pat as his best attempt at a feminine role during this year. The dainty "Dance Without An End," sung and danced by Pat and Emil Meyer, as Seymour, was by far the most pleasing work of these two characters.

Sometimes it happens that by some freak of fortune a minor character makes the biggest hit. An example of this fact was the deafening applause that twice called back Harold (Lepus) Diller for another verse of his only song, "You Can't Always Judge By Appearances." This unusual reception was due to the ability and pleasantly humorous personality of the singer, rather than to any unusualness of the song, which was really inferior to many other songs of the evening, as far as composition was concerned.

The work of the orchestra must not be passed over slightly. Both the introductory selection, Beethoven's "Prometheus," as well as the accompaniment to the songs, were played very creditably. Francis Weiner's violin solos, "Hejre Kati," and "Walse Brillante," were splendidly executed. It is difficult to say whether we are more amazed at this young artist's technique or more pleased with the beauty of his selections.

"Yes, John, God gave you your face, but you picked your nose."

Junior Feed Enjoyable Affair

Following the close of the afternoon services on the first day of May, we, the Thirds, met in the "Old Clubroom" and enjoyed a pleasant meeting. This gathering was in every way far superior to any preceding one. Only unavoidable circumstances prevented us from securing a hundred percent attendance.

Ambrose Gaschler occupied the toastmaster's chair. Gaschler may be short in stature, but on this occasion a large "stove pipe" supplied the missing 'two feet.' The afternoon's program, filled with wit and humor, was rendered more enjoyable by the brave and successful attempts of our young quartet. Neither did anyone regret hearing the violin solos of Francis Weiner. Roman Anderson and John Huzvar were the stars of a little farce. Since their late success, these boys have been considering positions in the movies.

At first we intended to have a May Dance, but as we did not wish to cause any hard feelings among the beautiful applicants to the throne, the question had to be dropped.

The serving committee set forth a very appetizing luncheon, lacking neither in quantity nor quality. For the splendid entertainment which they furnished, the Red and Purple Melody Boys were given a vote of thanks.

The 35 of '27.

A jolly class.
That highly holds its head,
And feels its life in every limb,
No wonder I saw red.
I met a little college boy,
He was six feet two, he said;
His manner seemed to be rather coy,
And empty was his head.
"Of classmates how many may you be,
And aren't you the class of '27?"
Asked I of the lad who stood by me,
But brains he had left in heaven.
His answer startled my very ear,
His freedom was as that of heaven,
For he answered boldly without fear,
"We're the thirty-five of '27."
"And how could that be, my little lad,
You might be five of seven," said I,
"To tell little fibs is very bad,
And seven of five would be a lie."
But in his fib he would still persist,
Said he, "Though I should miss all
heaven,

Throughout my entire life I'll insist,
We're the thirty-five of '27."

W. F., '27.

Rev. Major Arnold Visits Alma Mater

By narrating many interesting occurrences in his life as an Army chaplain, Fr. William Arnold, Major Lieutenant of the U. S. Army, held the interest of the entire student body for an all too brief hour on Sunday morning, May 8, in the local auditorium. Besides entertaining his audience in a manner that won for him the good will of every one of his listeners, Fr. Arnold painted a very vivid and interesting picture of army life during the time of peace. Especially suited to arouse interest were the many duties peculiar to an army chaplain, who serves many diverse offices at once. Had time not been as limited as it was, Fr. Arnold, by his simple and charming narration of some of the more unusual incidents of his army life, would have had many of the students wishing to become army chaplains. As it was, his speech of an hour's duration seemed to last but a few moments.

Fr. Arnold, who was a student at St. Joe from the year 1896 till the year 1902, when he graduated with several members of the present Faculty of this institution, had received his Major's commission but a few days before his visit here.

Raleigh Glee Club

Robert Koch, '28

The Raleigh Glee Club was organized in the early part of this school year. It is composed exclusively of Raleigh Smoking Club members. Little was heard of it, however, soon after it was organized. But the Club had regular practices, and, on a few occasions, it showed its talent at a couple of movies and at Smoking Club programs.

The few vocal selections which the students and faculty had the pleasure to listen to, on the occasions of the Club's appearance, were well appreciated by all and much encouragement was offered toward the maintenance of this desirable organization. For certain unknown reasons, however, the Glee Club disappointed the audience by not appearing at the general programs. This is to be regretted, but, on the other hand, the grit and determination along with the readiness of the members of the Club to devote a part of their free time to practice, is to be admired and appreciated.

Briefly Told in Verse

Eugene Wuest, '27

"Laudicks" flunked in Chemistry,
To pass he was unable;
If you fall for this, he'll tell
Another bug-house fable.
Too, he likes hard exercise;
He takes a daily walk,
We have seen him, so have you;
O would that deeds could talk!

If you wish to make a hit with the
Squire
Your Rubrics you must know.
He studied them all, 'twas his heart's
desire
'Till perfect he did grow.
And now that he has a class of his
own
In it you'll find them all.
The poor and the rich, the strong
and the weak;
Alike both great and small.

Doothey lives on Chemistry.
Mathematics are his dish.
He said he hopes to teach them both;
May Fate grant him his wish.
He hopes to go to Washington
His studies there to finish.
May his talent ever shine,
His brilliance ne'er diminish.

He paints like an Italian,
Like African he looks;
He really is American
So say the record books.
You see, Clete's quite a mixture,
A little bit of each,
Of powers that, when mixed in one
Toward great achievements reach.

Big Six, the mighty pitcher
Is a man of modest ways;
He never brags his prowess
Tho' he really earns great praise.
He pitches monstrous outcurves;
And never will he need
To hear the shout of "Take him out!"
While he retains his speed.

Piggy said, "I'll try it once
My waist-line to diminish,"
So he fasted; till he thought
He surely felt his finish.
Then he did a diet start,
He shunned the carnal platter.
But he found this helped him not,
He only got much fatter.

Ruby peels the supper spuds
He helps to wash the dishes,
Always wished to get a job;
Now answered are his wishes.
Every day at one o'clock
He takes his aggregation

To prepare the spuds for death
Of frying or cremation.

"Gentlemen prefer blondes"
So runs an ancient maxim;
But we have an unbleached lad
Not African but Saxon,
Who surpasses all the blondes
In beauty of complexion;
He uses only bleaching-powder
To give his face protection.

Herbert is a radio fiend
He knows his tubes and dials,
Too, he's versed in all the tricks
Of radio announcing styles.
He works up in the library
He checks books out and in;
He's as full of references
As a toper's full of gin.

Still upon his knees it seems
Commencement coming fast,
When the big day rolls around
Will he grow up at last?
"Andy" is the man we sing
He may not be so tall;
But the proverbs say, "Good things
Do come in bundles small."

An ode to Hickey the Eskimo
A man who loves the breeze,
He sweats profusely while all the rest
From fresh air nearly freeze.
But he can play any character
And play it well worth while;
He plays the hero, it matters not
Or fiend with artful smile.

Bill Neidert is an artist
The foremost in the class,
For when he starts in working
Great wonders come to pass.
He's reticent and modest
But always wears a smile;
Anything he does at all
Is surely done worth while.

This poem do we dedicate
To little Mauer Franz,
He broke the rules so gracefully,
They caught him only once.
This time, however, cost him dear
(For explanation pause)
Poor Franz a pretty sum they charged
For playing Santa Claus.

Shoot, shoot, shoot,
Thine own old line, O Kid!
And I would that I could believe
The things that you say to me.
Shoot, shoot, shoot,
Thine own old line, O Kid!
But the sound of thy boisterous voice
Will ne'er cease to disturb me.

Deacon Gates—"I'm going up to
the dorm to study."

Hot Sox—"All right, I'll wake you
up in time for supper."

Band Choral Society

MUSIC

Edward Siegman, '28

Choir Orchestra

The past year has been unusually successful for the music department. Greater interest has been shown in music than ever before. Approximately 85 students of piano, violin, and other instruments received regular lessons from Professor Tonner and Father Lutkemeier. That the enthusiasm manifested this year, may be merely a foretaste of still greater interest next year, is the sincere wish of the Staff of this department.

At the beginning of the year the Music Department's weekly "Quodlibet" again made its appearance in bigger and better shape after a year's absence. Each issue this year consisted of two pages, divided into four sections devoted respectively to piano, violin, wind instruments, and choir. Both editors and readers lived up to "Quodlibet's" motto "Musicianship and Determination," so that the benefit derived from its pages is gratifying.

The Organ and harmony class deserves particular mention. This class had eight members this year—an increase over last year's class. Professor Tonner is anxious that next year a still larger number may be attracted to this study. The movie and the radio have given a strong impetus to organ music, with the result that, what was formerly believed to be dying out, seems now to be only at its beginning, and that, too, with a promising future ahead. This study should, moreover, have a large following at an institution of St. Joe's kind, for the ability to play organ is invaluable to a priest.

CHORAL SOCIETY AND CHOIRS.

Vocal music has received particular attention this year. Outside of the four singing classes and the regular choir, Father Omlor has organized a choral society, which offers opportunity for vocal training to anyone in the school. From this society the main choir is selected. The choral society numbers 45 members. Its work this year was centered in the operetta, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue of The Cheer.

The Junior Choir, numbering 21 members, chosen from the first and second year singing classes, has acquitted itself very creditably during the year at Sunday High Masses, at

Requiems, and at Benediction Services. At the latter, several two-, four-, and six-voiced hymns, sung alone or in conjunction with the main choir, were well rendered. All lovers of vocal music consider it a treat to listen to the clear, youthful soprano and alto renditions of the junior choir. They serve as a pleasing change from the regular chorus renditions.

Due to the predominance of inexperienced material, the work done by the main choir during the first semester was not encouraging. After the formation of the choral society, however, and after weeding out of the main choir, more satisfactory work was accomplished. The crowning feature of the choir's work this year was the Mass "In Honorem Sanctae Luciae" by Fr. Witt, sung on Easter Sunday and on Alumni Day. This Mass is a classic in Church Music and was sung very beautifully on both occasions, especially on Easter Sunday. It is of great credit to the choir that the learning of the Mass was based on sacrifice, since all the practice periods were held during free time. Scarcely less notable were the Lenten hymns. Approximately 20 numbers by such eminent composers as Palestrina, Lasso, Haydn, Witt, Ett. Klein, and Auer were sung during Lent. The assemblage of these hymns for Good Friday services enhanced the beauty and solemnity of the Three Hours' devotion in particular.

While the choir has no apology whatever to make for its work this year, nevertheless, considerably better work might have been accomplished, if more co-operation and interest had been shown by the student body in general. Not enough of the students have applied to the Rev. Director for voice-testing, so that it is really doubtful whether the best vocal talent in the school constitutes the choir. What is a greater asset to a Classical School than a choir of outstanding merit? Should it not be the earnest desire of every student to be a member of such an organization, especially if he feels that his talent might be used to good advantage?

THE BAND.

The appeal of vocal music and of

orchestra music is universally found to be limited to those who understand and appreciate music to at least some degree. But the attractions offered by a band know no such bounds. Not only music lovers, who, of course, get the most out of a band, but even those to whom other forms of music are tiresome and unenjoyable, find pleasure in band music. This universal appeal explains in part the never-waning popularity of St. Joe's band. The more important part of the explanation lies in the high standards upheld by this organization.

The work of the band this year covers a few concerts given last fall; music for the C. L. S. program of March 16; for the Oratory Contest, and for the regular Spring concerts. Solos have been introduced in the band, as well as in the orchestra, the novelty trombone solos enjoying especial popularity. To make the appearance of the band more impressive a new feature has been inaugurated—a fancy military drill, under the direction of a drum-major, with band accompaniment. This drill was splendidly executed on Alumni Day and will be repeated with new features for Commencement.

THE ORCHESTRA.

The orchestra has faithfully and beneficially entertained C. L. S. and Newman-Club audiences during the otherwise wearisome time between acts. A glance at the list of pieces played for programs shows that the best in orchestra music was offered. The compliments received on the Alumni-banquet program were especially flattering. Of particular merit was the part played by the orchestra in the operetta. At the Oratory contest the regular orchestra numbers were substituted by piano and violin solos. This feature was intended to take the place of the solos formerly given at the annual musicales. The orchestra this year numbers 30 members.

Gibson—"Isn't it dangerous for us to be under this tree when it lightens?"

Szaniszlo—"Well, if you got killed, you couldn't talk any more, and if I got killed I couldn't hear you any more."

Red and Purple Melody Boys

Robert Koch, '28.

Tinges of lively music at any program go a long way towards making the entertainment a success. A few snappy melodies at any class feed have the same effect. Who furnishes the music for the feeds and movies during the school year? Why, the Red and Purple Melody Boys, of course. The peppy, snappy rah, rah boys, that's "them."

Under the leadership of Sid Heringhans and Bob Koch the little orchestra was organized early in September. The biggest job facing Bob and Sid was the choice of a syncopating pianist. It wasn't long, however, before the problem was solved, as Will Druffel soon made himself heard in the music department. He played several snappy selections for the boys which won for him his place as "syncopator on the ivories" in the orchestra. "Druff" hails from Washington. No, he is not a politician, for his home is in the state of Washington, not in the District of Columbia. Bob makes the E flat saxophone hum, and also tootle-de-toots on the clarinet. And, oh, how he plays those blues! Bob really makes those blues blooey. Those deep mellow tones from the big C melody 'sax' are produced by Sid Heringhaus. Sid is an all around musician, playing piano, saxophone, bass horn, and organ. When it has anything to do with music, Sid is right there. "Junior Manager," under which title Bill Gibbons is commonly known, syncopates as first cornetist with the Melody Boys. Bill sure can spin the notes into a regular song. With Ed Charek as second cornetist, the orchestra can be proud of its cornet section.

Just as an ice cream cone is incomplete without the ice cream, so is an orchestra incomplete without a trombonist, and so is a good orchestra incomplete without a good trombonist. Paul Farley, therefore, was chosen chief slider for the Melody Boys. Paul has gained for himself a reputation by his excellent playing in the orchestra and the College band. But, who does the drumming? Why, Eugene, of course. Eugene who? Wabler, rah, rah, rah! "Gene" makes good use of the sticks in peppering up the music. This young chap also furnishes the audience with some fine vocal solos, which are always highly appreciated, judging from the loud applause

NEWMAN ACTIVITIES OF '27 Cornelius Flynn, '29

The Newman Club has but recently terminated one of the happiest and most successful seasons that it has ever entered upon. Happy, because the Newmanites of 1927 were, in the main, a light-hearted crowd of good-natured, unselfish young men; successful, because the members of the Newman Club worked hard and incessantly to make it such. From such a coalition as was formed by these dual admirable qualities, viz., willing self-sacrifice and high-minded ambition, there could not but be engendered something that will ever be remembered with pride by the Newmanites of '27—a truly great year!

The Newman Club had a very propitious beginning, inasmuch as to a very congenial coterie of capable men, under the leadership of Tom Corcoran, was intrusted the management of Newman Club affairs during the first semester. The President and his subordinates labored in mutual harmony, and, as a result, accomplished a great deal. The members of Tom's "cabinet" were: M. Walz, Vice-Pres.; P. Knapke, Sec.; Fred Koch, Treas.; and John Wissert, Critic. During Pres. Corcoran's term of office, the Newmans staged their first public program, "The Scoutmaster." This play, had it been assigned to the custody of less capable actors, would have been doomed to failure. As it eventually turned out, however, the Newmanites possessed enough histrionic ability and experience to convert it into a great success. Eddie Burns, in his characterization of Issacher Trip,

the talkative old liar, who was fond of dime novels, literally ran away with the play. The acting of L. Hoyng, M. Walz, J. Schill, P. Farley, A. Pollak, S. Moebs, J. Neff, O. Missler, and C. Johns was very creditable, and did much to insure the success of the Newman's first public presentation.

John Wissert was elected to fill the President's chair during the second semester. John's fellow officers were chosen with the greatest of care. Ed Burns was named Vice-Pres.; Joe Schill, Sec.; Henry Alig, Treas.; and Tom Corcoran, Critic. The combined efforts of these officers have done wonders for the Club. During John's rule the Newman Club staged its finest production in recent years. The play, "For the Love of Johnny," is in itself a masterpiece, and the portrayal of the various characters by the Newmanites detracted not a whit from its original greatness. The interpretation of Father Ryan by John Wissert, and that of the sharp tongued Harriet Banks by Henry Alig were superb. Paul Knapke, Joe Schill, Eugene Steiner, John Modrijan, Eugene Wabler, Edward Henrich, and Michael Walz also deserve much praise for the excellent manner in which they carried their difficult roles. In successfully presenting this play, we of the Newman Club, feel that we have set a mark for future Newmanites to shoot at. If they strive as long and as earnestly as we have striven, they will surely achieve the success that we sincerely wish them.

"Gene" receives whenever he sings.

The seven above mentioned chaps represent the Red and Purple Melody Boys. None of the lads had very much experience in playing those syncopating melodies before they organized in September, but the Melody Boys got the "hang" of those tricky notes in a very short time, for they all have had quite a little classic musical experience. Paul Whiteman, or Phil Spitalny, probably would grab at the chance of incorporating the Melody Boys in his own orchestra.

The Red and Purple Melody Boys do entertain with some snappy and enjoyable music which is highly ap-

preciated by all. The CHEER, therefore, with the entire student body, wishes to express hearty appreciation and thanks for the Boys' peppy music and ready willingness to entertain at the movies and class feeds.

Brenner—"I had a leading part in nearly every play presented during the last session."

Robin—"How's that?"

Brenner—"I acted as usher."

Would-be poet—"My girl said this poem caused her heart to miss a beat."

Editor—"We can't print it then; we won't allow anything to interfere with our circulation."

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Casper Heiman, '28

In reviewing the activities of the C. L. S. as disclosed by the minutes of the Society during the scholastic year of 1926—1927, a revelation of marked simplicity impresses the reader. But simplicity becomes wonder in an attempt to voice adequately the praises of the Columbian Literary Society. Below what was considered the placid waters of routine, lie the currents of life and activity—currents beyond number and of an intense nature. Wonder becomes admiration as the enthusiastic spectator summarizes the nature and scope of dramatic presentations sponsored by the C. L. S., and admiration blends into noble applause. The cherished buds of literary and dramatic amusement are quietly preserved only to blossom anew in the breezes of sympathetic and whole-hearted appreciation.

Private meetings of the Columbian Literary Society were marked by loyal co-operation and timely interest. An attempt to publish an annual and a history of the C. L. S. probably constituted the greatest venture of the past year. Work on the publication progressed steadily, but its edition this year proved impossible. What steps the Columbians of 1927—1928 will take in this regard remains to be seen, but it is commonly presupposed that the work will be completed and published next year.

Another important phase of private activity consisted in the detailed revision of the constitution and by-laws of the Society. Lessons in parliamentary law and general dramatics have made the year of 1926—1927 a success for the C. L. S. To Father Ildephonse the Columbians tender most sincere thanks for the patient and untiring efforts he expended in the interest of the Society, to the various officers for their co-operation and optimism, and to all who have in any way raised the standards of the C. L. S. are thanks extended.

Naturally the C. L. S. activities are somewhat limited in the nature of their individual charm and appeal. Public programs for the most part constitute the thermometer by which the hidden value and charm of the Society is determined. In an

estimate of this kind, however, one must ever remember that these flowers are but the result of tender and special care given by the Society as such. Public programs necessarily constitute but a part of that hidden life and vitality which irresistibly draw the heart and mind of the sympathetic onlooker.

On October 24 the Society made its first public appearance during the present school year. Undoubtedly the outstanding feature of this entertainment was the presentation of "Now Adolph." Quaint dialect and eccentric manners afforded occasions for repeated outbursts of laughter and applause; congenial portrayal of life and action pointed the way to the annual work of the C. L. S.

"NOW ADOLPH"

Cast of Characters

Adolph Krausmiller, on of the partners Joseph Hartmann
August Riemenschneider, the other partner..... Julius Fecher
Ado Klock, their bookkeeper.....
..... Paul Russell
Warren Thomas, their hustling sales manager Herbert Kramer
Mary Lawrence, their new stenographer Edward Charek
Timothy Scroggs, their banker, slightly crooked.... Carl Longanbach
Mr. G. Wellington Matthews, a crooked promoter..... Cletus Foltz
Willie Klotzbach, a very fresh office boy Matthew Amato
Nino Klock, a waiter from the Little Gem Cafe.... Thomas Coleman
Spud Andrews, a bold, bad burglar Harold Diller

On the evening of Thanksgiving, the Society entertained by staging the play "Grumpy." The minutes of the C. L. S. refer to this presentation as "that great landmark of C. L. S. history" and this praise, we feel, is not unfounded. "Grumpy" is an epitome of noble and lofty sentiment, colored in the sparkling hues of character and life; "Grumpy" marks that artistic and poetic combination of character and setting which holds the key to interest and true enjoyment.

"GRUMPY"

Cast of Characters

Mr. Andrew Bullivant (Grumpy) Paul Walters

Mr. Ernest Heron..... Fred Westendorf
Ruddock Kenneth Hans
Mr. Jarvis Joseph Scharrer
Mr. Isaac Wolfe Cletus Gates
Dr. Maclaren..... Gregory Gobel
James Maclaren, his son.....
..... William Stecker
Kebble Martin Kenney
Merridew Alfred Zanolar
Dawson Francis Fleming
Virginia Bullivant..... Blase Brown
Susan Paul Galliger

Another varied program awaited the patrons of the C. L. S. on December 22. A psychologic dialogue entitled "Moonshine" was well played. A pantomime, "And The Lamp Went Out" proved most enjoyable. This feature was the only one of its kind during the present year, but its success gave evidence of its appeal and interest. "The Order of the Boiled Owls," a negro farce in two scenes, concluded the entertainment of the evening.

"MOONSHINE"

Cast of Characters

Luke Hazy..... Albert Frericks
A Revenue Officer..... Carlos Daele

"AND THE LIGHT WENT OUT"

Cast of Characters

The Reader..... Cornelius Heringhaus
Evelyn De Vere, The Heroine.....
..... Edward Charek
Ralph Grayson, The Hero.....
..... Casper Heiman
Mrs. De Vere, Evelyn's Mother.....
..... Joseph Norton
Herbert Vanderslice, The Villian....
..... Ferdinand Evans

"THE ORDER OF THE BOILED OWLS"

Hooten Screech, The big Hoo-Hoo, also plays Columbus.... Emil Meyer
Salt N. Pepper, A seasonable dusky sheik..... Harold Diller
Pete Roleum, He sometimes sells corn salve..... Frank Laudick
Jinx Kibosh, He hasn't much reason for being there.... John Brenner
Al A. Bie, Just another member of the lodge..... Ernest Gallagher
Tossup Bones, He can shoot crap as well as be a queen's attendant Norbert Gerlach
Scoop M. Inn, He does the same thing as Tossup.... William Meyer

(Continued on Page 34).

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

(Continued from Page 33).

Hickry Nut, A hard man but he knows how to be a queen.....
.....Robert Koch
Heekin Lyson, He has an active imagination.....Urban Siegrist
Willie Grow, Very small, but oh my! He makes a good page.....
.....Clarence Weiker
Noah Lott, At least he thinks he doesWilliam Neuhaus
Confederate, He's there but not seen in the first act..Anthony Vogus

Twilight lay buried in dusk; dusk deepened into darkness for the Columbians only to be contrasted by the sunlit splendor of glory and success during the second semester. A varied program on the eve of Washington's birthday elicited the hearty applause of those who witnessed it. "The Flash," a mysterious and highly emotional sketch, was well executed. "Gracie," a portrayal of college life and troubles formed a fitting close to the evening's program.

"THE FLASH"

Doctor Gardner.....Clarence Issenmann
Joe, the thief.....Ferdinand Evans
Kenneth McGregor, the business man.....Joseph Norton

"GRACIE"

Cast of Characters

Buck Evans, A senior.....
.....William Gibbons
Bis Nelson, A senior.....Cyril Lauer
Ducky Lane, A sophomore.....
.....Charles Magsam
Louis Grace Martin (Gracie).....
.....Anthony Thoben
Dick Lester, A senior.....
.....Stanislaus Kasper
Dud Elliot, A grad.....Virgil Metzger

Invitations to yet greater performances beckoned the Columbians onward. "Give and Take" formed the entertaining feature of the program staged on the eve of St. Patrick's. Modern in both theme and setting, "Give and Take" naturally drew close attention and interest. The play marked another advance in the scope of C. L. S. activities.

"GIVE AND TAKE"

Cast of Characters

Marion Kruger.....Edward Charek
Jack Bauer, Jr.....Bernard O'Neill
Albert Kruger.....Joseph Hartmann
John Bauer.....Julius Fecher
Daniel Drum.....Joseph Scharrer
Thomas Craig.....Fred Westendorf

The very mention of a title often

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

Joseph Hartmann, '28

OFFICERS

First Session	Second Session
J. Hartmann	Pres. C. Foltz
Wm. Meyer	Sec. S. Miles
R. Koch	Treas. G. Pankan
W. Dreiling	Marshals P. Fries
S. Miles	C. Bihn

Before a volcano erupts, it is to all outward appearances a rather small mountain. To one uninitiated in geology the mountain seems to be harmless. A few moments later, however, the whole may be a seething mass of lava. This phenomenon was reversed in the Raleigh Club during the last two years. Whether this club shall flourish or resolve into inactivity rests entirely with the student officers and members. Last year the club was not inactive; it was in a state of active destruction. The contrast formed by the Raleigh Club of '26-'27 is too outstanding to go unnoticed. The members brought a different spirit with them to the

elections at the beginning of the scholastic year. Destructiveness of the preceding year was transformed into constructiveness. The furniture and musical instruments were repaired; careful house rules were made; a far-seeing constitution was drafted and accepted. Dues sufficient to meet only current expenses were assessed. The Raleigh Club became what all clubs should be: a place for restful recreation.

Due to unlooked for expenses more funds were necessary. The officers considered that a raffle would interest all the members and at the same time would mend the hole in the treasurer's purse. Non-members were not solicited, because it was known that the members would give the necessary co-operation. After the prizes were distributed there remained more than enough to supply the prevailing needs. The Club immediately subscribed to the most

reveals a panorama of tense moments and expectant eagerness. This spirit characterized "In the Next Room," a most excellent production in its field. As a gripping mystery plot with apt setting, this drama as presented for Alumni Day will long call to mind the clever representation of murder and mystery. The genuine significance of the work probably lies in the fact that a new field of action opened for the C. L. S. of 1926-1927. By the success in staging "In the Next Room" new gems assumed lustre in the crown of the Columbian Literary Society.

"IN THE NEXT ROOM"

Cast of characters

Philip Vantine (an Amateur Collector of Antiques).....
.....Fred Westendorf
Felix Armand (a Professional Collector).....Bernard O'Neill
James Godfrey (Special Writer on the "New York Record").....
.....Joseph Scharrer
Inspector Grady (Head of the Detective Bureau).....Cletus Foltz
Parks (Vantine's Butler).....
.....Clarence Issenmann
Rogers (Vantine's Footman).....
.....Kenneth Hans
Morel (A Police Officer).....
.....Gregory Gobel
Lorna Webster (Vantine's Niece).....
.....Edward Charek
Madame De Charriere.....

.....Paul Galliger
Julia.....Thomas Coleman

The sun sets in the world of C. L. S. activities shedding its golden rays upon the lofty pinnacles of successful undertakings and inspiring triumphs. "Pals First" has been announced as the Commencement play and well assured success awaits the Columbians in this production—well assured, because trophies of achievement already decorate the path of the C. L. S.

"PALS FIRST"

Cast of characters

DannyBernard O'Neill
DominieFred Westendorf
Uncle Alex, a servant.....Julius Fecher
The Squirrel, a tramp.....Cletus Gates
Aunt Caroline.....Kenneth Hans
Judge Logan.....Clarence Issenmann
Jean, Judge Logan's Niece.....
.....Thomas Coleman
Dr. Chilton.....Joseph Scharrer
Miss Alicia.....Paul Galliger
Gordon, of the Nashville Central Office.....Cletus Foltz
Stivers, a Federal Detective.....
.....William Neidert
The scenes are laid near Nashville, Tenn., at the present time.
Prologue—The End of the Road.
ACT I—The library, Winniecrest, an hour later.
ACT II—The library, next morning.
ACT III—The library.

popular daily newspaper, and one of the members donated a subscription to the Baseball Magazine. New decks of cards appeared along with other games.

During the holiday vacation a decorative hearth was erected and adorned with a pair of amber tinted electrical bulbs mounted on hand carved candle holders.

At the semi-annual jollifications and elections, new officers were judiciously chosen. The Glee Club, composed of members of, and sponsored by the Raleigh Club, made its first appearance during this assembly. The selections were not numerous but were given in a manner which indicated serious and thoughtful preparation.

As the tiny stems of flowers burst through the soil in early spring, so ideas for the betterment of the Club showed themselves. The foremost of these ideas was that one which suggested that a sign in the form of an arch be constructed and placed at the entrance of the Club's private grove. The structure, twelve feet wide, was painted white and bordered with a tiny stripe of red. The lettering was done with tobacco cans which were placed and grouped in harmony with the principles of proportion.

Many poems were contributed from which the Official Club poem was selected. At the present time it is being set to music and will soon be known as "The Raleigh Club Song." Future Club members will undoubtedly favor the sentiment and rhythm.

As the Raleigh Club now stands it is an honor to the school. In furnishing and repairing the clubrooms, the members have not forgotten that "cleanliness is next to godliness." Since membership in the good old "Smoking Club" is practically restricted to the College department, it may be said that the present college classes may take pride in the inheritance which they are sending down to the under-graduate. The Raleigh Club now gives relaxation after the mental exertion of the class room, and, in doing so, it holds an important place among the societies at St. Joe.

The director at the zoo was away on a short vacation when he received the following note from his chief assistant:

"Everything is all right except that the monkey seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Joseph Hartmann, '28

OFFICERS

First Session		Second Session
J. Green	Pres.	J. Hartmann
P. Galliger	V. Pres.	E. Siegman
J. Schill	Sec.	S. Miles
H. Alig	Treas.	C. Weiker
T. Corcoran	Libr.	J. Dayberry
T. Grctenrath	Marsh.	L. Duray
C. Weiker (Ch)	Peptomist	
	Comm. (Ch)	J. Reitz
E. Siegman		M. Walz
S. Miles		C. Flynn
L. Ernst		
T. Rieman		
E. Gallagher (Ch)	Publicity	
	Comm. (Ch)	A. Vogus
J. Reitz		Wm. Stecker
M. Walz		T. Corcoran
M. Kennedy		J. Schill
T. Durkin		R. Joubert

Since every society at St. Joe has a faculty director, these societies all combine in giving the students practice in the various work which many of them shall pursue in after-life. The organization which I am attempting to tell you about, has for its purpose the aid of missions at home and abroad by spiritual and material assistance.

The last two years have seen the coalition of St. Joe's Mission Unit and the Dwenger Mission Unit. From the beginning it was evident that the rearranging of the constitution of the Dwenger society was the most practical way of proceeding. The committee chosen to this end submitted the results of its diligent work with the best of intentions. During several following meetings, individuality and courage of one's convictions were very evident.

Fortunately, correct opinions and compromises became the order of the day, and the society began in earnest to aid the missions. The store conducted by the Unit was well patronized. The ambition of the members, however, prevailed upon the officers to launch a raffle which would be open to non-members as well as to members. As far as known there has been but one other affair of this kind which has rivaled it, namely the Raleigh Club Raffle of '23-'24. The net results of the Unit's raffle enabled it to give substantial donations to a number of settlements in the southern and western states.

A program, to which the public

was invited, was given on Easter Sunday evening. The president and vice-president each gave interesting chats pertaining to missionary work. A news reel, followed by "The Catechist of Kil-Arni," was screened. Good spirit was maintained by the lively selections of the student orchestra, "The Red and Purple Melody Boys." This program was, from many points of view, the most successful of its kind ever held at St. Joe.

The young blood in the society shows much willingness to make the sacrifices necessary in connection with this kind of work. Until recently the Unit held its conventions during the students' free time. Through the willing co-operation of several members of the faculty, arrangements were made so that assemblies might be held during study periods. Needless to say, this factor coupled with the successful membership campaign, netted a large increase for the roll call.

The Dwenger Mission Unit is affiliated with the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, and hence it helps and shares in the good works of this large national Crusade movement. In the life of the students at this school the Mission Unit is the most important of the societies existing here, since it helps them to keep in touch with the conditions in those fields of activity in which many of them will labor in coming years. It augments, moreover, the inherent love for mission endeavors which exists in the heart of every Catholic youth. So long as willingness to sacrifice and co-ordination of energy continue to manifest themselves among the students, so long is the permanent success of the Dwenger Mission Unit assured.

MANY OLD GRADS ENJOY HOMECOMING.

(Continued from Page 5).

Secretary.....	Mr. J. Henry Hipskind
Historian	
.....	Rev. M. B. Koester, C. PP. S.
Essay Judges—	
	Rev. Victor Meagher, C. PP. S.
	Rev. William Ehrman
	Mr. James Lauer
Executive Committeemen—	
	Rev. Edward Vurpillat
	Mr. J. Kolman Reppa.

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SHOE LACES



IN OUR MAIL BOX



Besides the many helpful criticisms of the Cheer which appeared in some of our exchanges, numerous practical and noteworthy ideas which led us, the editors, closer to the attainment of our ideal—to make the Cheer a model school paper—were obtained from our exchanges. In consequence we can but thank the editors of the following papers for their kindness in affording us the benefit of their exchanges during the past year.

Mother Seton Journal, Mt. St. Joseph College, Mt. St. Joseph, Ohio; The Carroll News, John Carroll University, Cleveland, Ohio; Look-a-Head, St. Paul High School, Norwalk, Ohio; Notre Dame News, Notre Dame College, Cleveland, Ohio; Wendellette, St. Wendelin's High School, Fostoria, Ohio; The Centric, Central Catholic High School, Toledo, Ohio; The Recorder, Boys' Catholic High School, Hamilton, Ohio; High School News, St. Peter and Paul High School, Ottawa, Ohio; The Bell, St. Mary's High School, Sandusky, Ohio; Red and Black, Fostoria High School, Fostoria, Ohio; The Marion, St. Mary's High School, Columbus, Ohio; The Vista, Notre Dame Academy, Toledo, Ohio; The Herald, Springfield High School, Springfield, Ohio; Brown and White, St. Francis Seminary, Mt. Healthy, Cincinnati, Ohio; The Carolian, St. Charles College, Columbus, Ohio; The Eye, St. Ignatius High

School, Cleveland, Ohio; De Paulia, De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.; Loyola News, Loyola University, Chicago, Ill.; The Wag, Routt College, Jacksonville, Ill.; St. Bede Records, St. Bede College, Peru, Ill.; The Sigma, Spaulding Institute, Peoria, Ill.; St. Joseph's Gleaner, St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill.; Varsity News, University of Detroit, Detroit, Mich.; Prep Newsette, St. Joseph's Seminary, Grand Rapids, Mich.; The Gothic, Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, Mich.; The Blue and White, Central Catholic High School, Grand Rapids, Mich.; The Nazarene, Nazareth, Kalamazoo County, Mich.; The Eversharp, St. Joseph's College and Academy, Adrian, Mich.; Olivia, Academy of Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Ind.; The Rensselaerien, Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer, Ind.; The Echo, Central Catholic High School, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; The Tattler, Decatur Catholic High School, Decatur, Ind.; The O. H. S. Echo, Oxford High School, Oxford, Ind.; The H. C. C. Journal, Hays Catholic College, Hays, Kansas; The Hour Glass, St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas; The Spotlight, St. Teresa's High School, Hutchinson, Kansas; The Marymount College Sunflower, Marymount College, Salina, Kansas; The Cardinal and White, Chaminade Academy, Clayton, Mo.; The Sentinel, Christian Brothers' High School, St. Joseph's, Mo.; Lafayette Light, Lafayette High School, St. Joseph's, Mo.; The Web, Webster College, Webster Groves, Mo.; The Bay Leaf, Marywood College, Scranton, Pa.; The Burr, West Philadelphia High School for Boys, Philadelphia, Pa.; The Echo, Wilson High School, Easton, Pa.; The Abingtonian, Abington High School, Abington, Pa.; Campionette, Campion College, Prairie du Chein, Wis.; The Black and Red, Northwestern College, Watertown, Wis.; The Enicar, Racine High

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School, Racine, Wis.; The Tower, St. Lawrence College, Mt. Calvary, Wis.; Co-Ed Leader, Commercial High School, Atlanta, Ga.; Blue and Gold, Marist College, Atlanta, Ga.; The Chronicle, Wright High School, New Orleans, La.; Shreveport Hi-Life, Shreveport High School, Shreveport, La.; Old Gold and Purple, Warren Easton Boys' High School, New Orleans, La.; Denison Hi Buzz, Denison High School, Denison, Texas; The Rattler, St. Mary's College, San Antonio, Texas; The Rowel, Spur High School, Spur, Texas; The Prospector, Mt. St. Charles College, Helena, Mont.; Copper Glow, Anaconda, Mont.; Gonzaga Bulletin, Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash.; The Martian, St. Martin's College, Lacey, Wash.; The Periscope, Subiaco College, Subiaco, Ark.; Red and Blue, St. Ignatius High School, San Francisco, Cal.; The Cee-Ay, Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Iowa; The Gavel, Notre Dame High School, Covington, Ky.; The Cretin-Hi-Cadet, Cretin High School, St. Paul, Minn.; The Red and White, Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H.; F. H. S. Spirit, Freehold High School, Freehold, N. J.; N. H. S. Echoes, Newberg High School, Newberg, Ore.; The Printcrafters, Nashville, Tenn.; The Clarion, Williams District High School, Williamstown, West Va.; Le Petit Lavalais, College Laval, St.

Vincent De Paul, P. Q., Canada; Purple and White, Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario, Canada.

OUR MOTTO

In songs the class of '27
May through these walls forever ring,
Again to echo to high heaven
Our many deeds "For Christ the King!"

And may our noble motto ever
Us through life's thorny troubles
lead;
And may we in life's battle never
Another inspiration need.

For merely human love men will
dare
Brave deeds which aged poets sing;
How can we ever then despair
To do our best "For Christ the King!"?

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tight rope walker.

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CRACKS AND CRACKERS

By WOOFIE GOOFIE

Received by the Principal of a school: "Please excuse Johnny. He fell in the mud and could not go on to school. Hoping you will do the same."

I am,
His Mother.

"How do you know he's Irish?"
"He's got a cork leg."

Hup: "A horse just skidded around the corner."

McBile: "But horses can't skid."
H: "This horse was tired."

"Please excuse Johnny's absence. He does not like school. He is stubborn and will not learn. He takes after his father."

His Mother.

From the Scientific Scrapbook.

Blue ink has basic properties, according to an experiment conducted by Stubby Hans, for this color of ink turned litmus paper into blue. Red ink, on the other hand, possesses acid properties, for it changed the blue litmus paper back to its original color.

"Well, well, poor boy, so your father is dead. How did he die?"

"Aw, he strangled to death. He was sitting in a restaurant eatin' some horse meat when some guy yelled 'Whoa' and the stuff stopped in his throat."

"I didn't raise my check to be a convict." Prisoner's last words.

"Is he very drowsy?"

"Drowsy! He's so sleepy that when Gabriel blows his trumpet he'll roll over and say, 'Oh God, let me sleep half an hour more.'"

"I'm awfully sorry that my engagements prevent my attending your charity concert, but I shall be with you in spirit."

"Splendid! And where would you like your spirit to sit? I have tickets here for \$2.50 and \$5.00."

Neff—"Do you intend to vote next year?"

Pankan—"Sure!"

Neff—"Do you know anything about the Constitution?"

Pankan—"You don't have to be a doctor to vote, do you?"

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PRESSING

DRY CLEANING

"Is this hair tonic any good?"
"Good? Say, I spilled some of it on a comb and now it's a brush."

"This is the happiest day of his life."

"Why, is he to be married today?"
"No, tomorrow."

"What's your NEW editor like?"
"Tough! He fired a reporter for mentioning the unknown soldier without giving his name and address."

Man was made of dust,
Woman saw-dust—
And liked it.

Landlord: "I'm going to raise your rent."

Tenant: "Fine, I was just wondering how I could ever raise it myself."

"And what would happen if the parachute failed to open after you jumped off?"

"Oh! that wouldn't stop me," replied the aviator, "I'd come down just the same."

Big Crime.

The villain stepped up to the plate, choked the bat, hit the pitcher all over the place, layed out a large number of "fowls," later

he stole second, and was finally caught while trying to steal third.

A nose by any other name would still be the 'scenter' of the face.

Remember the good, forget the bad,
Remember the man, forget the cad;
Remember your ups, forget your downs,

Remember folks' smiles, forget their frowns;

Remember the calm, forget the storm,

Forget cold hearts, remember the warm,

Remember the shine, forget the shade.

Remember the debts of love unpaid.

With space permitting. Woofie Goofie would love to take one more 'crack' at each of the following:

- The Candy Store;
- Pups Coleman's feet;
- Butch Amato's nose;
- John Brenner's younger relations;
- Stubby Hans' handshaking practices;
- Dick Rauth's baker's dozen;
- Paul Russell's beard;
- Westie's trio of Louies.

"Please allow my Eddie to take the epidemic course. He may want to go to college sometime."

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MACK & COMPANY

Bottled Soda Water

MONON

INDIANA

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE.

(Continued from page 19)

give the Filipinos independence. Can you imagine Abraham Lincoln or George Washington explaining away a promise? Can you imagine them relying on a technical quibble about the legal power of one Congress to bind another? Certainly, Congress is not legally bound to bestow Philippine independence, but to the honor of American statesmen, a moral obligation is as binding as a thousand laws. I tell you, my dear friends, the Filipinos never did and never will consent to anything but independence. Moreover, the word of America is pledged, and her word is as good as her bond. Better a thousand times to haul down the American flag with honor, than to stain its glory with the blot of a dishonored promise.

English Tourist—"You Americans 'bally well' ruin the English language with your slang."

American—"You slobbered a jawful."

Dumb—"Do channel swimmers drown very often?"

Bell—"No, only once."

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